THE American Girl

SEPTEMBER 1945
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by Carl Bosler

A triple threat for high honors in the circle of top popular songsters, pert Fran Warren recently revealed another talent in her dazzling array when she delighted New York theatergoers with her performance of the ingenue role in the musical "As The Girls Go."

"Auditioning for producer Mike Todd was frightening enough," Fran said, "but when my opening night rolled around a month later, I was just numb. Maybe it was better that way. I couldn't feel a thing, and I remembered even less. Next day my friends told me I'd made a hit."

Enthralled by the theater, and far from satisfied with her current accomplishments, Fran devotes most of her spare time to the study of dramatics. Already an alumna of the bands of Claude Thornhill, Charlie Barnett, and Art Mooney, the twenty-one year old red-haired lass has a wealth of professional experience behind her.

A dancing stint with the Gae Foster Girls and a singing spot on a radio show called "The Bobby Soxers" prepared Fran for graduation to the silk-stocking class and the name bands. "It was quite a study in contrasts," Fran laughed. "With Barnett I had to sing loud—with Thornhill, soft. I sometimes wondered if I'd end up with any voice at all." But she learned her lessons well and got a prized Victor recording contract. Fran gives her latest Victor waxings, "Homework" and "You Can Have Him," special treatment; and the songs, in turn, give Fran further opportunity to sound wonderful.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular

It Happens Every Spring . . . Art Lund . . . MGM . . . An imaginative blend of melody and lyrics brings a refreshing change from the ever-present "moon-June" tunes. Art's cheerful singing of this gladsome spring song is given a deft assist by the Crew Chiefs to win the top spot among the current crop.

Hamlet . . . Betty Hutton . . . Capitol . . . Credit composer Frank Loesser with an ingenious bit of mischief that adds up to one of the most amusing recordings in months. There's a laugh in every line as Betty parodies the noble Shakespearean tale in "who-dunit" style with her usual passion. Put it on your must list.

It's too Late Now . . . Mel Torme . . . Capitol . . . The velvet-voiced troubadour fogs this one over the plate for a strike. It's typical Torme delivery, and sharp backing by batterymate Frank DeVol effectively catches the mood of Mel's murmuring.

The Continental . . . Tommy Dorsey . . . Victor . . . With a bit of harmonic refurbishing and some smartly accented work by the full-bodied Tee Dee brass choir, this ever-popular standard glistens anew. Crisp saxes and shouting trumpets contrast effectively with the smooth-toned trombones.

The Trouble With Me Is You . . . King Cole Trio . . . Capitol . . . It's always top-drawer entertainment when the merry King Colers go to work on a jaunty tune. Nat breezes through the vocal and then joins his colleagues in some playful instrumental improvisations.

You Darlin' . . . Doreen Lundy . . . MGM . . . Under the musicianly persuasion of Doreen and conductor Phil Green, this bright rhythm ballad bounces merrily along. British-born Doreen makes an auspicious recording debut on this one.

An Old-Fashioned Walk . . . Margaret Whiting . . . Capitol . . . A winsome waltz from the new musical "Miss Liberty" is nicely wrapped and sold in the warm Whiting manner.

My Mistake . . . Is It Too Late . . . Helen Forrest . . . MGM . . .There was no mistake when Helen won the vocal nod on these heart-and-soul ballads. Her hushed, tender interpretations are dreamily echoed by inventive Hugo Winterhalter backings.

Ooh, If You Knew . . . Paul Weston and Pauline Byrns . . . Capitol . . . Under the gracious guidance of maestro Paul, Pauline makes a decorative debut on the Capitol label. The bright newcomer brings a sleek

(Continued on page 47)

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THE American Girl

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Garnet Lodge

By Frances Duncombe

Illustrated by FRED IRVIN

Begin it now—a new, thrilling, mystery serial!

JINKY reached for a small patch of navy gabardine, hauled it out of the drift, shook the snow loose, and set it upright on its skis.

"Listen, Midge," she explained for the third time that afternoon, "if you try to walk straight up the slope, you're bound to slide down backward. Think you can remember, or do you want me to tell you again?"

Midge raised confiding ten year old blue eyes to Jinky's fifteen year old brown ones. "I'd rather you told me about the ghost," she replied.

The rosy light of the low December sun stained the snow and turned to bronze the many windows of Garnet Lodge. A large house of weatherbeaten shingles, it stood at the top of the practice slope where Jinky Sanders was skiing with the Norton children. Five miles back of the Lodge loomed the mountain, magnet for skiers among the townspeople as well as the visitors at the various inns and hotels. Trails ran from summit to valley, and somewhere on these trails Mr. and Mrs. Norton were enjoying a last breath-taking run.

Taking care of guests' children while their parents skied on the mountain was Jinky's part in making Garnet Lodge pay—and it just had to pay! Less than a year ago, Stephen Cromwell, Jinky's great-uncle, had died, leaving the house and many acres of Adirondack land to her mother, Helen

Sanders. To her father, Bill Sanders, just out of the Army Air Force, the place had seemed a perfect setup for a ski lodge. Rather than return to the New York advertising firm he'd been with before the war, he had spent his entire capital and everything he could borrow in adapting their inheritance to that use.

Cousin Larry Flynn had thrown cold water on the plan, calling it a "reckless and unwarranted gamble," but it seemed fairly certain now that the idea was going to prove successful. Although there hadn't been many reservations these first week ends of snow, every room was booked solid for the Christmas-through-New-Year's holiday.

A small hand was laid insistently on Jinky's arm. "Please tell us about the ghost," repeated Midge.

"What ghost?" Jinky asked, trying to remember if she had told ghost stories some previous week end.

Just then Midge's brothers, twelve year old Tony and eight year old Dick, came racing down the slope, ending in a heap of crossed skis and poles. It was Tony who answered, "The Garnet Lodge ghost, of course."

Jinky looked up at the old house. With wings on either side of the square center part, it reminded her of a mother hen, friendly and protective. No house could look less capable of harboring a ghost.

Dick's round face puckered in a frown. "You know. Rattle—rattle—rattle, clank—clank—clank."

Jinky couldn't help herself. She burst into a hoot of laughter that put a sudden end to the conversation.

When the station wagon bringing Mr. and Mrs. Norton turned into the drive, Jinky corralled the children and headed for the Lodge. She knew her father had planned to stop in the village to pick up supplies and several guests who were expected on the late afternoon train. New guests were still exciting to Jinky. From their letters she tried to guess what they would be like. Do you suppose Peter Crosby is my age? she'd wondered all week. And, perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Carlson are bride and groom.

While her mother greeted the tall, dark boy in the front seat, Jinky kicked off her skis, stood them on end beside the door, and went to take the groceries from her father. When she returned from helping Mrs. Hixie, their week-end cook, put away the supplies in the kitchen, the boy was signing the register in the office. Her mother called to her, "Come here a second, Jinky. I want you to meet Peter Crosby."

Jinky gave him a quick, appraising look. No, he wasn't the least the way she'd imagined him, and yet he had a familiar look. For a moment it puzzled her and then she lowered her eyes so that he wouldn't see the delighted amusement in them.

"Let me show you your room," she offered and led him into the lounge, where the stairway rose on one side of the fireplace.

As a combination newel post and electric fixture, Stephen Cromwell, an amateur taxidermist, had fashioned his masterpiece. A large brown bear, standing upright, grasped in each of his forepaws a five-pronged antler. On each prong sat a chipmunk holding a light bulb.

Pete stopped dead when confronted by this monstrosity. Jinky, looking quickly from him to the bear and back again, waited for the inevitable exclamation of disbelief that always followed the first stunned silence on the part of new guests. It didn't come. Pete examined the thing then turned to Jinky.

"All right," he said, "but you remind me of the third chipmunk from the left!"

Embarrassed, she felt the blood rush to her cheeks. Then Pete's big, good-natured face crinkled into a grin, and suddenly they were laughing together as if they had been friends for years.

After supper, squatting on her heels in front of the blazing fire, Jinky helped Pete oil his ski boots. At one end of the lounge her mother was playing cards with the Nortons and Cousin Larry, who was spending the week end, as usual, at the old schoolhouse cabin at the bottom of the slope. In a corner, Professor Agnew bent nearsighted eyes over Plato's "Socratic Dialogues," making occasional notes in a little book. Jinky looked around in utter content. In seven months this room, with its big stone mantel flecked with garnet, its deep, comfortable chairs and woven Indian rugs, had become home to her in a way no other room ever had.

It wasn't until Pete had gone to bed that she remembered the Carlsons. Saying good night to the others, she stopped at the office, where her father was working at his desk.

"What happened to the Carlsons?" she wanted to know.

"They were on the train, but they went to the Mountain House," replied her father shortly.

"But why?" asked Jinky, disappointed. "It isn't fair, when they made reservations here."

"Fair or not, it's what they did. I was late for the train, and when I found them at the store they said they'd changed their minds."

Jinky wanted to ask more questions, but her father's frown warned her that the loss of the two guests worried him, so she gave him an affectionate hug and went upstairs.

OUTSIDE a light snow was falling. It settled in powdery drifts against the windowpanes, silently building small white barriers against the night. Quickly undressing, Jinky crawled into bed and pulled the quilt up under her chin. She was tired, but it was that blissful sort of tiredness which comes from hard exercise in the open. Downstairs the phone rang, and, almost asleep, she heard her father's voice—loud as it always was when he talked to New York. "Three inches of new snow on fifteen inches base. Temperature ten above."

It was still dark when she woke, startled out of sleep by a sound she was not sure she hadn't dreamed. She turned on her light, saw that the hands of her clock pointed to five thirty, and was just about to turn the light off again when she heard a groan that came from the bottom of the pantry stairs.

So it wasn't a dream. Someone was hurt and needed help. Without stopping for bathrobe or slippers, Jinky ran across the narrow hall to the stairway. Whom would she find at the bottom? It must be her mother, her father, or Mrs. Hixie, because they were the only ones with rooms in this wing.

"Please—please—let it be Mrs. Hixie," she prayed silently as she plunged down the stairs, and then was shocked at herself when she found that it was. The woman was sitting on the last step, holding her ankle and moaning as she rocked back and forth.

"Don't let them, don't let them!" she begged. "They have a

toad!" When Jinky stepped past her to switch on the pantry light, she looked up with a dazed expression.

"Jinky, what are you doing?" Her father was standing at the head of the stairs, an army jacket over his pajamas. Behind him was her mother, eyes wide in alarm.

"It's Mrs. Hixie, she's hurt," explained Jinky.

In a second Bill Sanders was beside the cook, running competent fingers over the ankle bones.

"Nothing broken, anyway," he said. Glancing up at his daughter he added, "Go put something on, Jinky, you'll catch cold!"

When Jinky, dressed, hurried back to the kitchen, her parents and Mrs. Hixie were hugging the cheerful warmth of the stove and drinking coffee. The cook, one leg up on a chair, seemed herself again as she knitted on a half-finished scarlet mitten.

"I guess I must have tripped over my own clumsy feet," she was explaining. "I feel awful bad about leaving you with all the Sunday work. Maybe I could fix dinner if I kept off my foot."

Jinky's father answered her firmly. "I'm going to take you to the doctor, and you are going to do exactly as he says."

"Well, anyway, I'll be back next Friday for the week end. I'll bake some apple pies at home and bring them with me."

As soon as it was light, Mr. Sanders drove the cook down to the village, and Jinky and her mother started to prepare breakfast. By the time the clump of ski boots on the stairs announced that day had begun for the guests, too, fires were burning in the stoves and fireplaces, and pitchers of orange juice and milk were set out on the long trestle table. Tempting odors of coffee and bacon followed Jinky through the swinging door when she brought in bowls of oatmeal. Setting a plate of toast between Mr. Norton and Pete, she heard them discussing which trails they would run on the mountain. Her desire to join them made the prospect of a whole day at home on the practice slope seem decidedly pale.

After breakfast Pete and the professor offered to wash dishes, while Jinky and her mother put up lunch for the mountain party. They were nearly finished when the telephone rang. Helen Sanders dropped the sandwich she was wrapping and rushed to answer it.

"Bill?" her voice carried clearly. "Oh, I'm so glad Mamie hasn't a bad sprain." Then a little later, "No, I don't think we can ask Larry. He has an appointment to show real estate this morning. Besides, you know how he feels about skis scratching his fenders!"

When she returned to the kitchen, her face was troubled. "Funny—that new fuel pump in the car has given out, and the garage says it will take several hours to repair it."

"How about getting a taxi to take Pete and the Nortons to the mountain?" Jinky suggested.

"Your father has already tried that, but they can't send one till after lunch. I'm dreadfully sorry, Pete. It's hard luck when you have only one day here."

"Sure is," Pete agreed honestly. "Well, I guess I can stand a morning practicing turns around here. I'm glad about Mrs. Hixie, anyway."

Jinky threw him a grateful look. "You *are* nice, Pete," she said. "But it's the Nortons, too. They'll feel frustrated if they can't spend all day on trails. We must think of some way."

It was the professor who asked, "What's the matter with that cross-country trail over to the mountain you tell guests they mustn't take alone? It's only five miles that way. Can't young people use their legs any more? Do they have to be driven or towed everywhere?"

Pete swung his big, loose-jointed body around so that he faced his hostess. "That would be swell, Mrs. Sanders. Is the trail marked?"

"No, but there aren't any intersections once you leave our property, and Jinky can take you that far."

(Continued on page 36)

Again she heard the groan! In her bare feet, Jinky ran across the hall to the back stairs

Dusty

by Dorothy Childs Hogner

Illustrated by WILLIAM TIMMONS

Walk, walk, walk—through the desert heat.
Wait, wait, wait—for the chance to escape!

DUSTY, so named for her donkey-gray coat, swung her tail angrily against one of the wooden water kegs strapped to her small body, then against the keg on the other side. She was as sturdy a burro as ever lived under the Mexican sun, and she was used to carrying burdens in the heat, but even she could not endure much more of this. It was her first trip with her new master, and already hate for him burned within her heart.

Since sunup it had been walk, walk, walk steadily in the wake of the cattle herd, through scorching desert heat, without one drink of water to assuage her desperate thirst, while with each step she could hear the gurgle of the water she carried on her back for *him*. Dusty had never been treated this way before. She had been well cared for until the day when her new master had snatched her out of her pasture.

It had happened suddenly. Their work for the day finished, the farmer and his wife, the burro's kindly owners, had gone to market by themselves. Before leaving they had set Dusty free in the corn lot where she had helped with the harvest to eat all her stomach could hold of what was left—a rare treat.

She had been enjoying the special meal when the stranger had come into the field and slipped a halter over her head. She had gone with him docilely—although against her will—because she had been taught that it was right to obey the hand of man.

Now she threw a dark look in his direction. Her new master was a few paces ahead, mounted on a slat-sided, walleyed pinto pony. His comrade, astride a tall, flea-bitten mare, rode on the other side of the herd. Bringing up the rear was Dusty with the water barrels.

Any moment one or the other of the herders would be coming for a drink. He would stop her long enough to satisfy *his* thirst. He would unstrap a water keg and raise the small barrel to his lips, and Dusty would have to listen to the water gurgling out of the bunghole. She shut her eyes, remembering with mounting resentment every swallow her master had taken of the precious liquid he denied to her.

When the man had finished he would strap the keg back on Dusty, strike her with the handle of the snakelike, rawhide

When the rider returned to the herd, Dusty dared to lick the bunghole of the keg. It was agonizing to know that there was water inside

lash which he used to keep the cattle moving. When she had started, he would mount his horse and return to his position with the herd. Only then would Dusty dare to lick the moisture at the bunghole of the keg.

She licked hard now at the rough wood, sucking at the small rim of moisture. It was agonizing to know that though there was water inside the barrel, it was not for her.

Her master turned suddenly to see if she was lagging. She picked up her tired feet and forged resolutely ahead, as though her only thought was to remain with this man forever, and loyally perform for him the duties she had learned to enjoy doing for her own good master.

But all the while she was waiting for the moment she was sure would come, when the man would forget to watch her. Then she would stop and let them continue without her until there was a safe distance between them. At that moment she would dash for home.

That the herders were trail-weary was apparent, but Dusty noticed that in spite of fatigue, they were more alert than they had been during the early part of the trip. Not for a moment did they relax their vigilance; for, unknown to Dusty, the most hazardous part of the journey lay just ahead.

They had no more right to be driving the cattle than they had to be using Dusty as a pack burro. They were rustlers—thieves who made a business of stealing cattle in Mexico and driving them into the United States, where they sold them at a handsome price through a confederate. Once away from the ranch where they had stolen the cattle, the riskiest part of the trip was crossing the border which now lay just ahead. For the next few miles they would travel through a policed area. If the owner of the stock had discovered his loss and reported it immediately, police would even now be waiting to intercept the rustlers.

Dusty sensed that they were approaching the end of the trail, and she know she must act soon. On went the herd, moving slowly across the baked floor of a desert valley; the hoofs of the cattle churned the sand and raised a cloud of dust that choked the little burro. Her gray coat was soon covered by a thick, tan-colored layer of silt. Flecks clung to her long eyelashes, and she was forced to keep her eyes half closed. A gray spray formed on the fringes of her ears and on the whiskers of her nose. She could scarcely breathe, but somehow she managed to keep going. Then her new master left the cattle to his companion and took up the task of keeping her moving. Every time she slackened her pace, he threatened and prodded. She stumbled blindly on, no longer looking where she went, taking her direction from the lowing of the thirsty cattle.

Suddenly she bumped her nose against one of the steers. The herd had stopped, and the animals were crowding together in a tight circle around an old-fashioned pump with a very long handle. They had finally arrived at an oasis in the desert. They had reached a well.

Listening to the sound of water splashing into the trough, Dusty thought she would surely die—her thirst was even greater now that relief was in sight. When finally her turn came, she lurched forward and sucked up the water in tortuous gulps.

Dusty had not had nearly enough when her master slapped her away, not altogether from meanness, but because she had gone without water for so long that too much at once might kill her. That he did not want, for a dead burro could carry no burdens.

THE little burro went slowly to a big cottonwood tree growing in the swale. There she lay down in the shade, the water kegs still strapped to her sides, too weary even to think of escape. Almost at once she fell into a doze, from which she did not awaken until she was prodded.

She knew who it was before she opened her eyes, and she raised her soft white nose and sniffed disdainfully before she troubled to glare at the hated form bending over her. Rest had restored her indomitable stubborness and pluck.

She was surprised to find that it was dark. While she slept, night had come and with the darkness, heavy clouds. The usually starlit desert sky was overcast with somber black, and the brightness gone from the sands. The giant cacti were hardly distinguishable. It was very hot, even for a desert night, and still, with not even a flutter of wind. A storm was coming. Dusty could feel it, as animals can, and the tension in the air aroused her more than the prodding of her master.

The herder was working at her pack *(Continued on page 38)*

"I KNOW I'm just one of a crowd, but when I'm playing my violin in that orchestra, I feel like a great actress. The other players and their instruments seem like fellow actors on a huge stage with me."

Linda's eyes were still shining with the joy of playing her part in Haydn's "Surprise Symphony." Fifteen years old, a high-school sophomore, she is one of thousands of teen-agers, members of the nation's thirty-five thousand school orchestras.

True, they don't all play symphonic music. But enough of them do to cause Miss Grace Spofford, widely known director of the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement in New York City, to feel that most high-school students in this country are within reach of a symphony orchestra. If the local school has no orchestra, talented boys and girls often find a niche in a community orchestra—such as the fifty-five piece symphony of Newtown, Connecticut (population, 603), which has an eighteen year old concert master and a couple of fourteen year old players on its roster.

Linda continued her comparison of the orchestra to the stage.

"When I'm playing, or when I go to a concert, I watch for the different instruments to come in, just as I watch for the characters at a play. The oboe may be a gay and giddy clown; and the bassoon can be so dignified, with those deep and solemn tones. But the bassoon can also be a grotesque and funny fellow; and the oboe, in some parts, can make you want to cry.

"But the greatest actor of all is the violin, for it can play every part and express every emotion. Sometimes it is so sad and blue. Then it can leap from that mood right into a merry dance. It may sing gently of trilling birds greeting the sun rising over a woodland lake on a spring morning, or scare you with the threatening mutter of a winter storm."

Although the student of physics, the musical historian, and the musical director will all see the symphony through different eyes, Linda has found the one quality which accounts for its great and growing popularity: its ability to arouse and express the wide range of human emotion.

The musical director will agree with Linda, but he also sees the orchestra as one huge instrument, with such a wide variety of tones and abilities that it alone has the range to do full justice to the world's great music. He can "play" it soft or loud, fast or slow, or with as much fire and color as his skill can demand. To him it is the most perfect instrument yet devised to express feeling and emotion by musical sounds.

The student of physics might take a much more matter-of-fact view of the instrument. He might explain that, actually, an orchestra is nothing but a big machine for stirring up air. He would explain that it is quite simple. There are only three basic ways to agitate air so as to make musical sounds: (1) vibrations of strings, as with harp or violin; (2) vibrations of columns of air, as with trumpets or oboes; and (3) vibrations of hollow or solid bodies such as drums, cymbals, and marimbas.

To this the student of musical history would add that in ancient China, in the Egypt of Cleopatra, and in the wigwams of the Iroquois Indians, the ways of making musical sounds were the same as they are today when a great modern orchestra plays over a national radio hookup. In fact, the ancient peoples had, in some form, many of the instruments we use today, but they lacked the skill to use them in any but the simplest combinations.

The musical historian would remind us also that originally all music was merely the imitation of sounds of nature—the rustle of leaves, waves breaking against a rocky coast, thunder rolling through the sky, the murmur of brooks, or the warnings of a mother to her child.

Full of all sorts of odd facts, the historian may tell you that Nero could not have fiddled while Rome burned, since the fiddle was unknown then. If he played any instrument at all, it was

by Lawrence McCracken

Drawing by MAC SHEPARD

Once upon a time, symphonies were for noblemen's ears only. Today, everyone looks and listens—and thousands of teen-agers are joining local orchestras!

probably a harplike affair with four to eight strings—very popular in Rome at that time. Our historian may point out that the flute, oldest of musical instruments, has been found among the artifacts of the earliest cave dwellers. These were usually made from the bones of elk or reindeer, but the Caribs of Guiana thought the music was sweeter if the flute was made of human bone, preferably that of an enemy! And do you know of Herodous, the ancient Greek trumpter who would have put Harry James to shame? He could blow so loudly that he stunned his hearers; he could play two trumpets at once; and he won renown on the battlefield with his ability to inspire wavering troops with his trumpet blasts.

Despite the long history of music-making by individuals, playing in unison was first attempted less than four hundred years ago, and symphony orchestras as we know them today are less than two hundred years old.

It was early in the sixteen hundreds, at Rome, that two flutes, a harpsichord, a viol, a violin, and a double guitar were combined with singers for the first known orchestra concert. Late in that century, wind instruments were growing slowly in popularity, the number of instruments used had increased, and harmony and counterpoint were being evolved.

In this period, princes and noble personages retained their own orchestra. Haydn, who has been called "the father of the symphony orchestra," was employed by the very rich Prince Esterhazy, who gave him enough players to work out symphonic compositions on a wider range than had previously been known.

Until after the American and French Revolutions, concerts were private affairs for the extremely wealthy and their friends. Then, as the democratic spirit expanded, public symphony orchestras brought to all the people the music which heretofore had been reserved for court circles. But it has been during the last twenty years that the radio, plus fine, inexpensive recordings, and speedy travel—which makes it possible for famous orchestras to bring their music to smaller cities and towns throughout the nation—have made America symphony-minded.

NATURALLY, the more we hear good music and the more we know about it, the greater our listening enjoyment. So before going to a symphony concert, you'll want to know something about the program. Usually it is published well in advance, giving you a chance to play over recordings of the various movements of the selections and to read about them in a musical handbook at the library.

Once you know something of the background of the music you'll hear, learn something about the conductor. Certain conductors are noted for interpretations of certain types of music: Toscanini for Beethoven symphonies and Italian operas, particularly those of Verdi; George Koussevitsky, of the Boston Symphony, for sympathetic handling of modern compositions, particularly those of contemporary Russian and American composers.

It is the task of the conductor to inspire his musicians to play the exact interpretations he wants. He does this by gestures with the baton, facial expressions, and his body movements. But much of his work in bringing his idea of the music to life has been done in long hours of preconcert rehearsal.

When you enter the auditorium and take your seat facing the orchestra, you see the violin section to the left of the conductor and at the front of the stage. This section always has the most important parts to play and is most easily heard by the audience. The violins nearest the front of the stage are first violins. The "first chair" violinist sits in the first chair of this section, just to the conductor's left. He is the most important musician in the orchestra, serving as concert master, leading the strings under the conductor's guidance, and playing solo *(Continued on page 46)*

The canoe trip would be super, but it was for swimmers only. How could Harriet hope to go?

by Helen Grigsby Doss

THE GREEN CAP

Illustrated by SYLVIA HAGGANDER

IT WAS FREE TIME, just before lunch. Harriet Hale, her wheat-colored hair damp on the collar of her green camp suit, sat on the edge of the tent floor with a pad on her lap. Tiny motes danced in the sunbeams sifting through the oak trees, and chickadees chattered and turned somersaults over her head. Harriet wrote fiercely, bitterly.

Dear Mom:—

I am no better here at camp than I am at home in the summertime. Why can't I forget the thunder echoing like cannon in the hills, the blinding flashes of lightning, and the awful feeling as the water closed over my head when the boat capsized? It all happened so long ago, but I can't stop babying myself and giving in to my fear, even though I hate myself for being a sissy. I'm afraid of water, I'm afraid of lightning, I'm even afraid of thunder."

She stopped and read what she had written, chewing on the top of her fountain pen; then she ripped off the page and crumpled it into her camp suit pocket. She tried to swallow the lump of misery that hurt her throat, and started again.

Monday, almost noon

Dear Mom:—

Thanks for sending me to Scout camp. I'm glad Diane and Daphne Cameron begged you to let me go. Luckily, I got in their tent, and our other tentmates, Jean and Ellen, are fourteen years old, too, and are simply packs of fun.

The only thing that makes me unhappy is that I still can't swim. The big windup of the season for our unit is a three days' canoe trip which Daffy says is really super, but you can't go unless you're a green cap or better. A green cap can swim once between the piers, but I'm only a red cap, because I can't swim at all. . . .

Harriet's blue eyes were misting over, and when she blinked she saw her letter was blurred by two splashed, wet circles. She ripped off the page and began tearing it into precise little squares. Her mind was far away, watching a bright string of canoes skim across blue water. She saw them beached at dusk, girls cooking pigs-in-blankets on sticks, roasting marshmallows for sweet, sticky some-mores, then ducking into bedrolls after a long, intimate campfire. And I can't go, she thought bleakly, the bitterness welling through her. I can't swim.

Suddenly there were bright voices on the lake trail. Harriet dabbed quickly at her eyes and stuffed the torn paper into her pocket as Diane and Daphne Cameron came running up to the tent. Dressed in their neat camp suits, they looked alike, with their hazel eyes and freckles sprinkled over long, straight noses.

"Hi!" Diane called, and Duffy yelled,

"How'd your swim go?"

Harriet kept her eyes wide so the tears wouldn't spill again. "Of all the red caps, I'm the most hopeless," she quavered, trying to smile and make a joke of it. "Beaver will be lucky to have me floating by next month, much less swimming."

Daffy jumped up into the tent, yanking off her wet cap and letting fly a mop of carrot-red curls.

"Pooh," she scoffed, "you'll be swimming like a fish."

Diane slipped off her cap carefully, revealing shining auburn hair neatly arranged in coronet braids. She dried her cap on a towel and reached into her oilcloth-covered, orange-crate

"dresser" for a can of talcum powder. She grinned at Harriet.

"'Hence loathed melancholy,'" she quoted cheerfully, as she powdered her cap. "After all, you've more than a month in which to learn."

In the free swimming period that afternoon, Harriet and her swim buddy, a thin ten-year-old from Sunshine Unit, sat on the narrow beach dabbling their toes in the water. Other red caps splashed around them, and Harriet enviously watched the measured strokes of the green caps, out beyond the buoyed rope, where the water went from waist to shoulder deep. The pier was U-shaped, hemming in the poorer swimmers. Beyond it the blue caps, who could swim five lengths or more, frolicked between the pier and the life lines. Up and down on the pier and out in the rowboats, helping Beaver keep a watchful eye on the swimmers, checking to see all were in pairs when the buddy whistle blew, were the elite of the Scout swimming world, the white-capped Junior Life Savers.

As Harriet watched, two white caps detached themselves from the patrol and strode down the pier. She recognized Daffy and Diane as they jumped into the water and splashed toward her.

"Hi," Harriet greeted them. "This is Alice, my buddy. From Sunshine Unit."

"Hi, Alice," Diane smiled at the little girl. "C'mon, Harriet, Beaver said we could help you with your swimming."

They pushed through to the ropes, where the water was waist deep, and Daffy said, "We'll start with floating on your face. Diane will hold your waist, and you'll see how easy it will be. Just take a deep breath and lie down in the water."

Even in the bright sunshine Harriet found herself shivering, and there was a lump of heavy, cold lead in her chest. It's silly to be scared of water, she told herself. What's frightening about water? You drink it. You wash your face in it. Boats float on it, and so can you. Diane and Daffy won't let you drown!

But still she shivered in the hot sun, and her skin prickled with gooseflesh. She stretched her mouth into a smile and leaned forward, the water creeping coldly up to her neck. She tried to let her legs come up, but they were nailed to the sandy, gravely bottom. Her whole body was rigid, her chin high above the water.

"Relax," Diane commanded. "I'm holding you."

Harriet tried to take a deep breath, but that weight in her chest took up too much room. She clenched her fists, swallowed a gulp of air, and threw herself forward. But as soon as the water washed up over her face, it didn't matter that the Cameron girls were there, or that the water was shallow, or that she was held fast by the waist—up came her head and down went her feet.

"Never mind, try again," Diane urged. "Look, I'm going to weight Alice's cap with a stone. There it is, on the bottom. Now, don't think of water, or swimming, or being afraid. Just take a good, deep breath, lie flat with your face in the water, then open your eyes and see if you can see something red."

Obediently Harriet filled her lungs with air, forced her feet up from the bottom and, as the water enveloped her, opened her eyes and tried to look for something red. But the water closed over her head and she was swept down, down into a black, bottomless panic that engulfed her, held her under, and wouldn't let her go. Her fingers clutched at the cold, black nothingness, and her mouth, open to cry for help, filled with water.

The next thing she knew she was standing up, her knees buckling beneath her. Diane was holding her and Daffy was pounding her on the back, while Alice watched with round eyes. Her nose and head were stuffed, the top *(Continued on page 24)*

Diana and Daffy didn't let up. Every spare moment they had Harriet across the box, practicing breathing and arm movements, kick, arms and kick together

General Foods

For tasty peach-and-ginger jam, peel, pit, and chop about 2½ pounds of peaches. Preserving is easy if you follow the rules!

Jam Session

by
Judith Miller

IT'S FUN to load the pantry shelves with sparkling jars of jellies, jams, and pickles. And now, with gardens and markets piled high with fruits and vegetables, is the time to begin. Why not get together with a friend or two for a preserving session? Wait until the kitchen is clear, and if possible, make your first attempt under the eye of a more practiced cook.

Preserving isn't difficult, but like every worth-while accomplishment, it requires time, judgment, and respect for the rules. If you follow those given here, you should have perfect results.

JELLY

Preparing the Fruit

1. Select a mixture of slightly underripe and ripe fruit and prepare it in small lots at a time.
2. Wash fruits thoroughly, discarding any spoiled or bruised parts.
3. Cut into pieces hard fruits such as crab apples, quinces, and apples. Berries and currants may be crushed slightly.
4. Add enough water barely to cover hard fruits. Currants, grapes, and berries need only sufficient water to start them cooking (about ¼ cup water for each quart of fruit). Boil until fruit is tender.
5. Pour the hot cooked fruit at once into a jelly bag and let drip. Do not press jelly bag until dripping has almost ceased, or your jelly may be cloudy.

(Make jelly bag by using one yard of flannel, or several thicknesses of cheesecloth, spread over a colander. Place cooked fruit in center of cloth, bring corners together and twist or tie, hanging or holding until all juice has dripped through.)

Pectin

Pectin is the substance in some fruits, such as apples, plums, quinces, etc. that, when heated and combined with fruit acid and sugar, causes the mixture to jell. Not all fruits contain this substance. When pectin is indicated in recipes, use the commercially prepared product which is available in both powdered and liquid form.

Testing for Jelly

Dip a spoon or wooden paddle in jelly syrup as it boils. The jellying point is reached when the syrup runs off the side of the spoon in a single sheet, rather than in drops. The jelly should be removed from the fire as soon as the "sheeting" point has been reached.

Remove the foam from the jelly and pour at once into sterilized glasses, up to ¼" of the top. To sterilize, wash the glasses and the tin covers, then place on a rack in a deep kettle, cover with cold water to at least 1" over the tops of the jars, and boil for 20 minutes. To fill, take them out of the boiling water one by one.

Sealing With Paraffin

As soon as the jelly has set it is ready to seal. Melt paraffin in a pan over a low fire until it is hot, but not smoking. Pour a thin layer of the melted wax over the jelly, making sure the wax coats the inside of the glass between the jelly and the top. Cover with a clean, dry lid, label, and store in a cool, dry place.

SPICED APPLE JELLY

½ peck apples
3 pints vinegar
1 pint water
1 oz. stick cinnamon
½ tablespoon whole cloves
½ tablespoon mace blades
Sugar

Tie spices in a muslin bag. Cook apples (cut in quarters, but not peeled), vinegar, water, and spices together until apples are soft. Turn into a jelly bag and let drip. Boil the juice 20 minutes. Measure. Add ¾ cup sugar to each cup juice. Boil 20 minutes, or until syrup sheets from the side of the spoon. Pour at once into hot jelly glasses. Cover with paraffin.

GRAPE JELLY

5 cups juice
6½ cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To Prepare the Juice: Wash and stem 3½ pounds fully ripe grapes and crush thoroughly. Add 1½ cups water; bring to a boil and simmer, covered, 10 minutes. Place in jelly bag and let drip. Measure 5 cups juice into a large saucepan.

To Make the Jelly: Measure sugar and set aside. Place juice over high heat, add pectin, and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once stir in sugar. Bring to a full, rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, pour quickly into glasses, and cover with paraffin. Makes about 11 six-ounce glasses.

(Continued on page 32)

MORE RECIPES

Send for your twenty-second AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File today! Including a complete "Preserving Primer," this illustrated folder is an important number of the series that you'll want to bind together for your very own AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook. First through twenty-first folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now. Send us 6c for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use the handy coupon on page 35.

Know Before You Sew

by Betty Brooks

Drawings courtesy Spool Cotton Co.

Try on each section

FOR YOUR first effort, choose a pattern with as few pieces as possible, one without tricky trimming details or lots of buttonholes. The pattern size is vital, too. To make sure you get the proper one, have someone carefully list your bust, waist, and hip measurements, and take these along with you to the pattern counter. The right pattern range (teen, junior miss, or regular miss) depends mainly on your height. The same range you wear in ready-made clothes is probably right for you, but if you're not sure consult the pattern salesgirl about the right size for you.

Now for the fabric. Read the fabric suggestions on the pattern envelope, then select one that's both suitable for the use you have in mind and also becoming to you. The beginning dressmaker should stick to a preshrunk fabric with a firm weave—one that is not slippery, doesn't fray easily, that creases and presses well. Cotton is ideal. If the material comes from the store wrinkled or twisted, press it before cutting. And, with your new fabric in hand, buy thread, zippers, and all other "finishings" now, so that there'll be no later delays.

To save material and fitting time, adjust the pattern by comparing your own measurements with those of each pattern piece. The printed instruction sheet in your pattern envelope will have complete instructions for alteration, but note that additions or reductions are best made with inserts or folds within each pattern section, rather than at the seams and edges. Have someone help you with this, working always for balanced lines. If you have average dimensions and have bought the proper pattern size, probably no alterations at all will be necessary for you.

To cut, have plenty of solid working surface—a dining or ping-pong table, or even the floor. First, pin the pattern pieces to the fabric exactly as shown in the pattern, making sure you place your pieces straight—with the threads of the material. Cut with long, firm slashes, and, using contrasting threads, make all the marks indicated. When it comes to notches, a chalk mark is enough and won't interfere with your seam. Or you may prefer to make a tab of material to indicate notches instead of cutting into the seam allowance. Until you're ready to baste, avoid confusion by leaving pattern pinned to the fabric.

A well-set sleeve is important

In putting the pieces of the garment together, follow the exact order suggested in the pattern instructions and try on each basted section before stitching. As you work, press each seam, dart, and tuck after stitching and before joining to another piece. Pressing as you sew helps tremendously toward a professional-looking job.

A well-set sleeve is another sign of the expert dressmaker! First stitch sleeve seam and press open. Then, over top of sleeve, between notches, make a row of hand gathering or loose machine stitching so that extra fullness can be eased in. Working with sleeve held toward you, match underarm seam to notches, easing in the fullness; next fit top of sleeve carefully into the armhole by easing in gathering thread and putting in pins very close together. Baste and stitch just inside gathering, and finally press to shrink out any excess fullness.

Marking the hemline

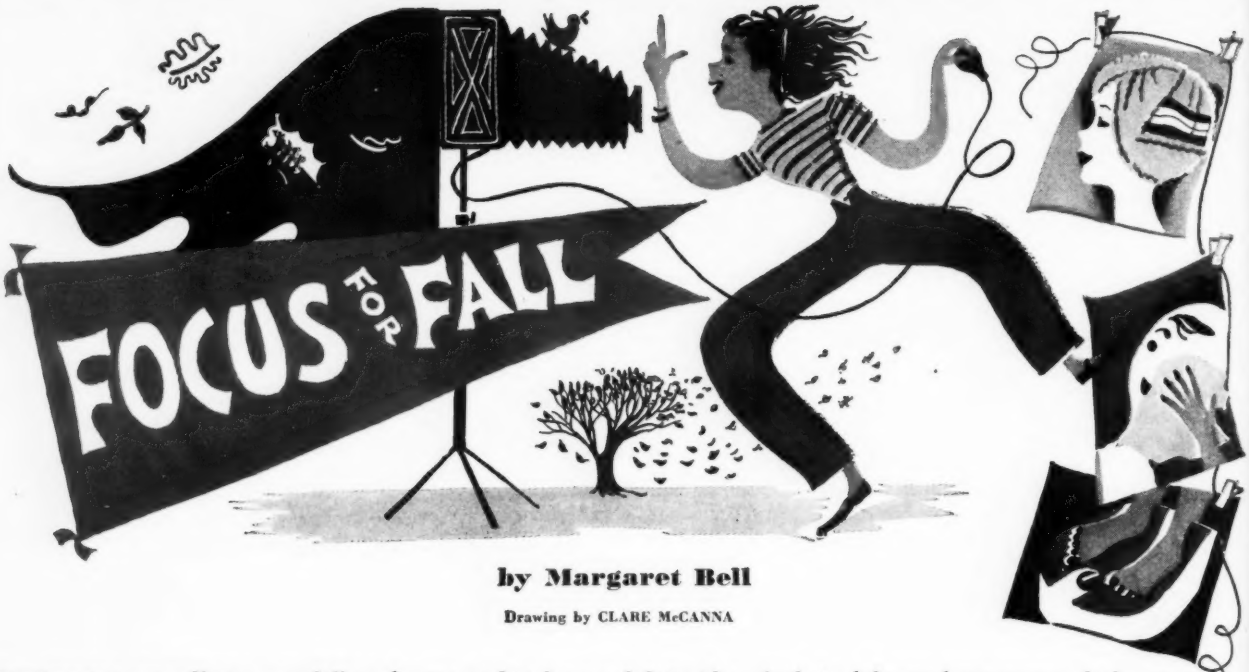
For an even hem, try on the dress, wearing the heels you plan to wear with it, and stand tall. Have a friend mark the hemline the desired distance from the floor at short intervals around bottom of skirt, using a yardstick and pins (inserted parallel to floor) or a chalk skirt marker. Don't turn around, but have your helper do the moving. Pin up hem along marked line, baste, press, and trim hem evenly to desired width (2½" is good). If your fabric is cotton, turn in raw top of hem ½" and edge stitch. Then pin and baste hem edge to skirt, easing in fullness, and blind hem. For rayon and wools, it's best to attach seam binding to raw top edge of hem, to prevent raveling.

This above all: don't hurry as you sew. An extra ten minutes of adjusting may make all the difference in your pleasure in the finished product. Work in a good light for not too long a stretch at a time. Don't invent short cuts, but follow the pattern directions. After all, they were worked out for you by experts. Take pride in an expertly finished garment (both inside and out) and don't think of wearing it until every last basting is removed, every inch pressed, and you have just the right accessories. Listen to the compliments fly—especially when you say, "I made it myself!" And off you go for another pattern and more fabric.

THE END

Pressing pays off!

Good working space



by Margaret Bell

Drawing by CLARE McCANNA

FOCUS on yourself now—candidly and in a good light. Hair look like an overgrown dry mop after a summer of abuse? Complexion the worse for the weather—and your figure for too many stops at the soda fountain? What you see is a preview of the way you're going to look in your new back-to-school clothes.

Vacations have been the undoing of many a good-looks plan, but there's still time to plan repairs, time to change the picture, to set up a corrective program that will give you a running start on the new school year.

Head Shot: A good place to begin is at the top with a becoming hairdo. Don't be afraid to experiment before your own mirror, and to have a definite idea of what you want before you go to the hairdresser for that necessary shaping and cutting. Remember that *long bobs* (below level of chin) tend to lengthen and thin your face, and that the newer, *short cuts* are flattering to most face shapes—especially if you add a soft half-bang. Watch where you place your part; it can make a big difference. The higher you start your part the more it will elongate your face. And *if you wear glasses*, be sure to avoid full or fluffy bangs which will give your forehead a cluttered look. Don't forget that the basis of any successful hairdo is a healthy scalp and clean, shining hair. The formula for both is frequent shampooing, careful rinsing, and lots of brushing.

If sun and salt water have dried your scalp, your hair will look dull and lifeless and be hard to manage. Both scalp and hair will take on new life with a program of pre-shampoo oil treatments. Here's the simple method: Make front-to-back parts every inch or so and apply warm olive oil with cotton directly to the scalp. When you've covered the entire scalp, keep your head wrapped for ten minutes in a towel wrung out of hot water.

If your hair is too oily, check up on your diet and eliminate rich or greasy food, substituting more fruit and fresh vegetables. Don't be afraid to shampoo excessively oily hair more than the usual once a week if you find that's necessary to keep it clean and fresh-looking. And don't put away your hairbrush on the theory that it may stimulate further oil supply. On the contrary, brushing will distribute excess oil along the hair shaft and help restore the scalp to normal.

Close-Up: A clear, rosy complexion is a head start in good looks. If yours has a left-over-from-summer look, you may need to change your powder shade to one with a rosier undertone. If you're self-conscious about an uneven or faded tan or a crop of freckles, the best thing to do is relax and enjoy yourself until these fade away. For special occasions, a tinted powder base may serve as a camouflage.

If your skin is over-oily, it may be a sign of glandular changes, poor diet, or lack of enough fresh air and exercise. (Did you have an office job this summer?) Pay extra attention, then, to thorough twice-a-day cleansing with that rough washcloth and toilet-soap lather. Neglect of this daily ritual may cost you blackheads and pimples. If you do have chronic pimples, they may be the first signs of acne, so don't neglect that warning on the theory that they're something you just outgrow. The best plan is to see your doctor for proper diet and treatment, for acne can be cured if you start early enough. Meanwhile, don't ever squeeze a pimple—that is what causes infection and scars.

Full-Length: A top-to-toe examination before a full-length mirror may reveal that you look just too thin—or just too fat. If the bathroom scales confirm that verdict, a conscientious revision of your eating habits may be necessary to get your figure in hand. But, since there may be underlying physical causes for underweight and overweight, see your doctor before starting to exercise or diet.

You may be spoiling the picture with poor posture. So take another look in your full-length mirror—side view. If you're in doubt about your posture rating, here's a good way to test yourself: Stand with

(Continued on page 45)

Prize Purchase

Here it is—our "Prize Purchase" for September! A jaunty jumper by Touraine with smart blazer-type trim, a shirred skirt, and a low neckline. All-wool flannel by American Woolen, for teen sizes 10-16, about $8. Order it from the stores listed on page 49

Be sure to look for another "Prize Purchase" in October

Photograph by Ralph M. Baxter

Photograph by Ralph M. Baxter

All Under $9!

Left: **Block-tweed wool dress by Teena Paige with hip pockets, shoestring belt. Teen sizes 7-15, under $9**

Right: **Corduroy and wool plaid go Western in a dress by Riegel & Dechter, about $8; in subteen sizes 10-14**

Left: **Pockets and plaid are the features of this Dell Town dress of wool blend. Teen sizes 10-16, under $9**

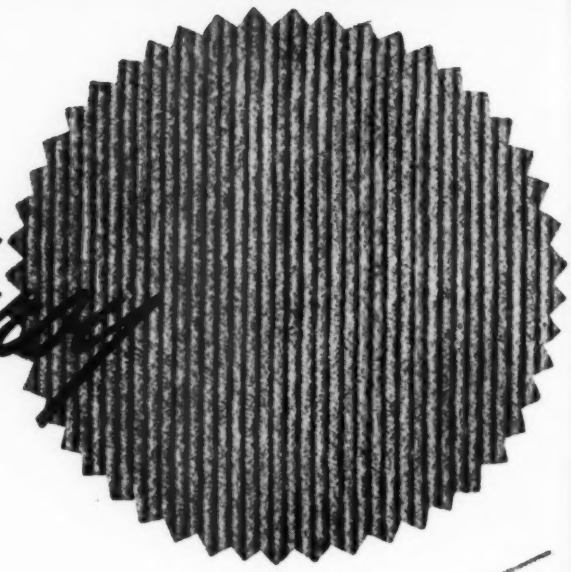
Center: **Jack Borgenicht's gabardine dress has pouch pockets, tucked bodice. Subteen sizes 10-14, about $6**

Right: **There's a novel plaid trim on this smooth wool dress by Dell Tween. In subteen sizes 10-14, under $9**

Easy on the eyes and on the purse as well! These dresses for teens and subteens prove how easy it is to be both fashionwise and budget-minded at the same time. Buy them at the stores listed on page 49

Pretty and practical for everyday wear, these fashions are all in rich fall tones of Juilliard corduroy

Corduroy



This page, starting at the left:

An all-occasion dress designed by Dell Tween with a pointed collar and cuffed pockets. Available in subteen sizes 10-14, for about $11, at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn

There's a wide waistband with adjustable buckles on this patch-pocket jumper by Teena Paige. Yours for about $9, in teen sizes 7-15, at both A. Harris, Dallas and the Boston Store, Milwaukee

Petiteen's jumper with a low neckline and flared skirt is about $9. Petiteen blouse, about $4. Subteen sizes 10-14; Filene's, Boston and Franklin Simon, New York City

Tiny button trim on this simple classic by Youth Guild. Available in teen sizes 10-16, about $15; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Hudson's, Detroit

Photographs by Ralph M. Baxter

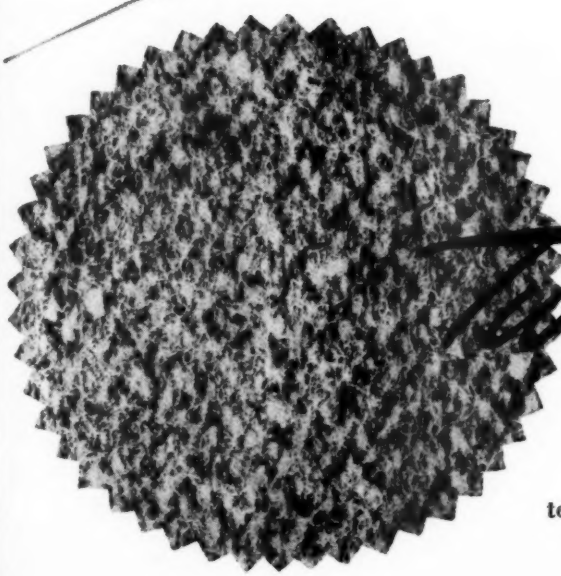
This page, starting at the left:

Barbara's trim Balmacaan in nubby tweed with raglan sleeves. Subteen sizes 10-14, it's about $35 at Hudson's, Detroit; Yaring's, Austin

Bird's-eye tweed of wool-rayon in Youth Guild's dress with velvet collar and cuffs. In teen sizes 10-16, about $13, at L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; B. Altman, New York City

Skirt of wool tweed with a plaid overlay, about $9, worn with jersey blouse, about $8. Both are by Belle, teen sizes 10-16 at G. Fox, Hartford; Saks, Fifth Ave., New York City

Nancy Wheeling uses a wool-rayon tweed in this jumper, about $8. Petiteen blouse, about $4. Subteen sizes 10-14. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.



Tweed

It's time for tweed—time for those richly textured fabrics that add sugar and spice to fall fashions

The *Fall-ward* Look

9281: Smooth as cream for those first fall dates is this charming frock, with narrow, contrasting bands and fitted bodice that are the last word in figure flattery. It is designed for sizes 11-17, and for size 13 you will need 3¾ yards 39″ material for the dress, and ⅜ yard of a 35″, contrasting fabric for the collar and the cuffs.

4950: In a gaily checked fabric, or a bright, bold plaid, this dress for sizes 10-16 will be gay as an autumn leaf. There's a nice touch of sophistication in the snug bodice with its becoming neckline and big buttons, and the full, whirling skirt—a fashion highlight this fall. To make it in a size 12, you will need 4¼ yards of 39″ material

4727: A paneled skirt that can be made in almost any of this season's new fabrics—in light or heavy weight material, in solid colors, checks, or stripes. And the big, slanting pockets are at the top of the fashion list for autumn. It comes in size 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 waist measure, and size 26 will take only 1 yard 54″ fabric

Each Pattern 25c

9175: The jumper's plunging neckline and the round-collared, full-sleeved blouse make this outfit appropriate for almost any occasion. The pattern includes the transfer for initials, and comes in sizes 10-16. For size 12, the jumper will require 2 yards of 54″ material; for the blouse, you will need to get 1¾ yards of 39″ fabric

9098: There's figure flattery plus in this classic for the classroom, designed for sizes 11-17. Notice the side-buttoning from underarm to hem which makes it so easy to slip into, and the smart dropped shoulderline. In size 13, this dress calls for 3⅝ yards of 39″ material, and ⅜ of a yard of a contrasting fabric for the collar

4842: You can ring many wardrobe changes with this versatile pattern for sizes 10-16, which includes the transfer for initials. The blouse has a trim mandarin collar and snug cuffs; the skirt a wide belt and deep, cuffed pockets. In size 12, 1⅞ yards of 35″ material make this blouse; the skirt will require 1⅞ yards of 54″

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering enclose 25c for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, please turn to page 49.

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SENT ON APPROVAL

The Green Cap

(Continued from page 13)

of her head felt as if it would blow off, and she was sure she had swallowed at least half the lake.

The girls helped her back to shore, choking and sputtering, and she plopped down with a thud.

Finally she got her breath and looked up with a weak, apologetic smile.

"Sorry," she gasped. "I guess you're wasting your time." The tears did spill this time, but she hoped her face was wet enough so they wouldn't show.

The next morning at red-cap swim, Harriet stood in the circle next to Alice and tried to follow Beaver's instructions. They were all practicing "jellyfish," clasping their knees to their chests and bobbing around with their heads under water. But as soon as Harriet's head went under, the black panic again whirled her beneath the water that choked her, filling her lungs and nose. Beaver bent her over one knee and slapped her back until the choking stopped, then gently suggested that Harriet rest on the beach and watch for a while.

As they turned their tags over on the buddy board and started up the hill, Alice said admiringly, "You sure try, anyway!"

Harriet smiled wanly, but she was dejected. Trying wasn't enough, if you weren't making progress. She'd still be trying, and not even be able to float, when the unit pushed off without her, canoeing over bright lakes, portaging down quiet rivers, singing as their paddles flashed in the sun.

•

She was sitting cross-legged on her cot studying her bird guide, when Diane and Daffy came in. Daffy looked discouraged, something quite unusual for her.

"Tempus is fugit-ing," she mourned. "I asked Beaver if we could take you down to the lake outside of swim hours for extra practice, and she said no."

"After all," Diane argued reasonably, "a camp has to have rules."

Daffy dressed in silence, which also was unusual.

Suddenly she burst out, "I've got it!"

"Don't drop it," Diane advised dryly.

"I've got it," Daffy repeated unperturbed. "Why can't we teach you on dry land? Everything you need to know—breathing, strokes—"

She dumped the jumbled contents of her dresser on her cot, laid the crate, open side down, on the tent floor, and plopped a pillow on it. "We ought to concentrate on crawl, don't you think, Diane?"

"Crawl's not a beginner's stroke," Diane objected dubiously. "I should think side, or back."

"Yes, but if she's afraid of water," Daffy reasoned, "she's better off learning to swim with her face square in it. It's not so startling as coasting along on your back or side, and then getting splashed, or going under a little—and the elementary crawl *is* a beginner's stroke."

Diane nodded, and Daffy went on, "Lie on your stomach across the box, Harriet, and we'll start right now with your kick. Legs out straight, toes slightly turned in."

On the way down the trail to lunch, Harriet rubbed her tender middle.

"Even if I don't learn to swim," she grinned ruefully, "at least I'll have muscles."

Diane and Daffy didn't let up. Every spare moment they had Harriet across the box, practicing arm movements, kick, arms and kick together. Even going down the trails to meals, to the Lodge, or while sitting in the Hollow waiting for the last bugle for campfire, one of them would order, "Practice your breathing." And Harriet would turn her head to her right shoulder for a huge gulp of air out of the right corner of her mouth, then jut her head forward and let the air slowly out of her nose. Over and over again—suck in, breathe out, suck in, breathe out. When others were looking she felt foolish, like a fish out of water. Which is silly, she would think instantly, because if there's anything remotely removed from being a fish, it's me.

It was fairly simple, if somewhat arduous, this learning how to swim on land. The only trouble was that when she tried it out in the water, the simple became very complex and frightening. The water was still her enemy, throwing her into a panic as it washed over her face and enveloped her, clutching her in clammy hands to pull her down, down, down, down into the same horrible vortex of fear.

Still, she could hang on the rope and practice her kick, now; and squat down in the water and practice her arm stroke, even if she still kept her feet rooted and her head high. Daffy glowed with praise, and even Beaver said she had the best technique she'd seen in a beginner. But Harriet faced the truth. She knew there was a great difference between knowing a stroke and being able to use it against the paralysis of fear.

Climbing wearily up the hill trail with Alice after Sunday-afternoon free swim, Harriet felt inconsolable. Although it had seemed impossible to conquer the fear that gripped and shackled her, still she had hoped against hope. But this afternoon she'd floundered and gone down with her first push-off, and Beaver had had to drag her up on the pier, choking and shaking. In a few more weeks the unit would be leaving. How could she possibly pass that green-cap test and master the required canoeing skills before then?

The sky had been darkening all afternoon. Now the sudden spatter of raindrops interrupted Harriet's thoughts.

"Gosh," Alice gulped, "you don't suppose we'll have thunder and lightning, do you?" She smiled shyly. "That's the one thing that scares me half to death."

I'm sure I'll be a big help, Harriet thought gloomily. I'll probably cower under the covers myself, shaking like a scared rabbit. But she managed a smile for Alice, who was four years younger and had more right to be timid about such things, and quoted tritely, "Well, they say every cloud has a silver lining. Maybe you'll discover storms are fun—at camp." And then she thought, how can you convince someone else, when you can't convince yourself?

There was a low rumble of thunder from the north, and another patter of raindrops. Alice, white-faced and shivering, hesitated at the fork leading down to the Sunshine unit.

"You know," she said, "I'm feeling homesick for the first time, really homesick."

Harriet patted her shoulder with a heartiness she couldn't feel and hurried along to her own tent, trying not to watch the black clouds, shutting her ears against the growing drum roll of thunder. A dull sheet of lightning flashed over the glowering cloud bank, and she ducked quickly into her tent. She shed her wet suit, dressing as fast as her trembling fingers could manage. She was rubbing her blond hair with a towel when the Cameron sisters burst in still wearing their bathing suits.

"Hey, we'd better loosen the tent ropes while we've got our suits on," Diane exclaimed.

Harriet, gripping her oozing courage tightly, threw on her raincoat and went out to help.

By the time they were hurrying back to their tents after supper, the whole sky was black; fitful sheet lightning made the familiar trail eerie, and the wind blew like a mad thing. Just before they reached their tents the rain poured down in a cloudburst, bowing the young trees, beating small plants to the earth.

Harriet ran ahead to escape into the comparative safety of the tent. She hung her dripping raincoat and hat on the tent pole, lit the candles in the lanterns, kicked off her boots and shoes, and burrowed under the covers with a book and her flashlight. Maybe with a book she could forget the storm outside; forget that she hated herself for being afraid; forget that soon her unit would be off on their canoe trip, and she would have to stay three days with another unit, because she was only a red cap.

Diane and Daffy came in with their other tentmates, Jean and Ellen, Daffy calling exuberantly, "Isn't this the life?" and Diane adding, "This is just the kind of night for popping corn. We could pop it over the candles in a tin can. I'm going to keep some on hand."

(Continued on page 28)

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TEEN SHOP talk

by Jonni Burke

Drawings by LISL WEIL

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Trim eyelet embroidery and a graceful knee-action pleat in a cotton slip by South Jersey. For teen sizes 10-16, it's priced $2.25 at Halle Bros., Cleveland

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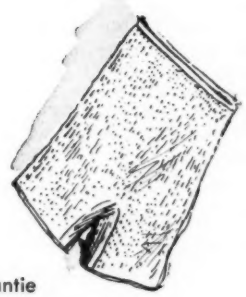
TEEN SHOP talk

This fireman's nightshirt, by Tom Girl Teens, is made of bright red flannelette, has an eyelet-trimmed bib. In sizes 8-16, and yours for $3, at James McCreery, New York City

Cable-stitched, lisle knee-high socks by Bonnie Doon come in white, beige, red, green, or navy; sizes 9-11. At Marshall Field, Chicago, for 75c



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Polka-dot parade—Belle-Mode's banded bra and matching garter belt. Made of white cotton broadcloth with red or light-blue dots, they come in teen sizes and cost $1.50 each at Marshall Field, Chicago

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(She writes with one hand!)

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(She writes with two!)

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The Green Cap

(Continued from page 25)

Their unit leader stuck in her head. "Sunny has asked for some help in the Sunshine unit," she said. "Any volunteers?"

"Sure," Diane and Daffy sang out in unison.

"Might as well," Jean agreed.

Ellen added, "Count me in, too."

Harriet thought of Alice down in the Sunshine unit, cowering under her covers, scared and homesick. Because Harriet knew exactly, with such painful vividness, just how Alice felt, she tried to forget her fear of being left alone in the tent, and even the much greater fear of going out into the storm.

The whole tent was suddenly illumined with a bright flash of light. Harriet sat up in bed and swung her feet down, feeling for her shoes and boots.

"I'll go, too," she offered, but a great crack of thunder drowned out her words, shaking the earth in its ferocity. Remembering Alice, she found new strength to raise her voice above the steady pounding of rain on canvas. "I'll go, too," she shouted, and was surprised at the steadiness in her voice.

"When you get there, each take a tent," their unit leader directed. "Keep the girls calm, take their minds off the storm. They're practically all new campers. Better check tent ropes, too."

By the time the five girls were plodding down the trail, the storm was almost overhead. Lightning streaked in jagged forks all around them, and the earth-shaking thunder was almost instantaneous. Driven by the wild wind, horizontal sheets of rain splashed in their faces. Almost like the waves of the lake, Harriet thought grimly.

Then lightning shot in a blinding flash right across the trail in front of them, the air clapped together with such reverberation that it hit at them like a tangible thing, deafening their ears, and the air smelled electric and sharp. Harriet tingled to her fingertips.

She was so frightened, but she was suddenly exultant, too. She, Harriet Hale, was walking through the awful fury of a summer storm.

She took Alice's tent, loosened the taut ropes, and went in with an imitation of Daffy's devil-may-care look. Alice was huddled in a homesick lump of misery under the covers, her face white and tear-stained. Harriet had a talent for storytelling. She began an Uncle Remus yarn, and by the time the bugle's warning for taps came thinly through the drumming of rain, Alice was laughing along with her tentmates. The fury of the storm had abated, and the rain was now a steady drizzle.

Daffy poked in her head.

"Your bunch settled down?" she asked. "We're ready to go back."

"Okay," Harriet answered. She tucked the five Sunshiners in, and said, "Good night, kids. Sleep tight."

When they got back to their tent, Harriet, remembering the constant rush of the rain in her face, propped her flashlight on the bed, poured some water from the bucket into the washbasin, and resolutely dipped her whole head into it.

She came up wet and gasping, sucked in a lungful of air, and plunged her face in again, her teeth and her fists clenched hard, blowing out through her nose under the water.

Her heart was hammering, but she had herself under control. Somehow, after braving the fury of the thunderstorm, just plain water in the face wasn't so frightening.

Diane hung up her raincoat and lit the lantern.

Ellen looked at Harriet and demanded, "For crying out loud, haven't you had enough water tonight?"

THE NEXT morning the sun was shining. With the first buglenote of reveille, Harriet was out of bed, plunging her head deep into the bucket of cold water. Once, twice, a dozen times; sucking in air, blowing out through her nostrils under water; shivering, clenching her hands and teeth, but doing it.

"Hey, dimwit!" Ellen cried. "What do I brush my teeth in?"

Daffy leaped out of bed with an Indian war whoop. "Fetch yourself some more water, old and decrepit!" she bellowed, giving Harriet a warm hug. "Harriet's getting ready for a green cap today!"

That morning, during red-cap swim, Daffy and Diane got into their suits early to watch Harriet. She slid off the pier into the green-cap section, and water splashed up to cover her shoulders. She dipped her head under a few times, and even picked out a pink shell on the bottom and opened her eyes to identify it under the water.

Beaver called, "Ready, now?"

Harriet nodded, took a deep breath, and pushed off.

As the water covered her, just for a moment she felt the old panic clutching her. Then she remembered how she had risen above fear last night. She lashed out in a strong flutter kick, the way Daffy and Diane had taught her, and felt herself rising to the top. It gave her confidence. She turned her head, drew in air to ease her bursting lungs, and breathed out slowly into the water. It worked, it worked!

Several times the panic seemed about to return to paralyze her, but she was confident now. Once or twice, forgetting the fine points she had learned, she flailed the water with her arms, but her kick was strong and carried her right along. Her heart was pounding, but after an eternity she reached the other side and stood up.

"You made it!" Beaver shouted. "Fine work!"

A green bathing cap hit her on the shoulder, and she looked up to see Daffy grinning broadly. "Where did you—" Harriet puffed, "—where did you get that?"

"Bought it that second day, when I saw how game you were," Daffy laughed. "I knew you'd earn it."

"Congratulations," Diane beamed. "Now you've conquered the elements."

"No," Harriet smiled happily, water dripping off her nose, her eyes serious. "I didn't conquer the elements—just myself."

THE END

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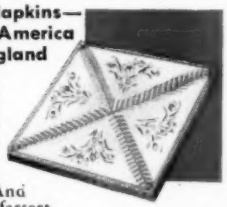

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I feel a bit foolish writing this letter to your magazine, for I belong to the male sex—but I think it is my duty to write and say how I love to rob my sister's room of THE AMERICAN GIRL magazines. There is so much to read and observe and think about, and I agree with many others that THE AMERICAN GIRL is a great book! Your stories are wonderfully written, and well illustrated, and seldom contain any of that silly love mush boys my age think is absolutely abnormal. Your articles make good sense, and if girls could be seen in your fashions, they wouldn't have any trouble being date bait. I like your tips on books and records, and *In Step With the Times* is really educational. So keep up the good work, and I hope you won't mind if I keep robbing my sister of your swell magazine.

JEFFEREY *(age 15)*

WICHITA, KANSAS: I want to tell you how very much I enjoy your department *Speaking of Movies*. Now that I am thirteen I have to pay more for movies, and like to see the best. I always read about them and if I like the article I try my best to see that movie.

SHIRLEY PARKS *(age 13)*

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK: I enjoyed your article on *Why Not Build a Bookcase?* a lot. I liked the bookcase that was shown so well that our next-door neighbor helped me build one for my bedroom. I made it of knotty pine and put on clear varnish so as to bring out the grain of the wood. I keep my radio and some knickknacks on my stairway bookcase, as well as books. Several of my friends who are not subscribers of THE AMERICAN GIRL also want to build them. I wish you would have more articles on carpentry and building.

MARY MUSERLIAN *(age 12)*

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Your March cover was my Easter coat, your May cover was my graduation dress, and now your July cover is my bathing suit. I am fourteen years old and just graduated from grammar school. Congratulations on a wonderful magazine.

ELAINE BENSON *(age 14)*

LACOMBE, LOUISIANA: I especially liked *Coining A Hobby*, as collecting foreign and old American coins is my hobby. I won second prize at a hobby show. Included in my collection are coins from France, Italy, Cuba, Mexico, and China. I also have an old 1816 copper penny as big as a fifty-cent piece. I don't know whether it is worth anything or not, but it is very interesting.

MARTHA BIRD *(age 12)*

HARLAN, IOWA: I think *A Penny For Your Thoughts* shows what a sport you are, as you print letters which either say something good or bad about your magazine. I have just read some back issues and find that you have used some of the suggestions given by the girls.

In your latest issue a girl wrote in about the cute fashions you have in your magazine, but the places you get them are in the East. I live in the Middle West and have no way of obtaining them. There are many teen-agers in my town who would like to be in style with other teen-agers, but we never know what store we can find them at.

JOAN CAMERY *(age 13)*

Many of our readers tell us they have overcome this difficulty by ordering by mail from one of the stores listed on the fashion pages.

The Editors.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI: I just received the July issue and fell in love with the bathing suit the minute I saw it.

I can hardly wait to read the second chapter of *Journey for Pat*. I liked the first part very well. I think your stories are super.

BARBARA RISTEY *(age 13)*

ASHTABULA, OHIO: In the July issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL there were plans for a bookcase. I thought it was so attractive, and, with my father's help, I made it. I painted it a pale green and it looks lovely in my bedroom.

I want to thank you for the new Pat Downing story. I enjoy it very much.

CAROL E. REESE *(age 16)*

DEMING, NEW MEXICO: I read *Pin-Money Projects*, and a friend and I who belong to the same church sent out letters listing our abilities. We need a new church building, so the various organizations of the church are trying to raise money for the building fund. We wanted to help so we tried your project. It is doing wonderfully.

VIRGINIA MILLER *(age 12)*

PORT BLAKELY, WASHINGTON: I enjoyed *Bringing Up Kitty* very much as we are getting a new cat soon. *Old-Timer* was good, too, We had a float something like Marcia's in the Bainbridge Island Strawberry Festival parade.

I agree with the others who say you print a wise choice of letters.

SALLY LOKEN *(age 10)*

PARADISE, CALIFORNIA: Bully for Edward Faust and his article *Bringing Up Kitty!* I have always been staunchly loyal to all cats in general, fascinated by their beauty, playfulness, and just everything that makes an adorable kitten. Our cat, as Mr. Faust suggested, is just a plain alley cat, but nothing has ever given our family more pleasure than he has. Everyone from my dad to the youngest member of the family gets more enjoyment from Picaro than a home movie.

And thank you, Mr. Faust, for saying that the proper way not to hold a kitten is by the back of the neck! There will be some who will argue with you, saying that this is the way a mother cat carries her kittens, so it must be correct. Did they ever stop to think that perhaps the mother cat has no other way to carry her kittens, but merely does the best she can?

EDITH CURRAN *(age 16)*

COLUMBUS, OHIO: There is one thing I don't like about your stories. They're not true to life. They always end the way you want them to—everyone happy. Couldn't we have some where the hero or heroine does not end up in the enviable spot? An example of this is *Old-Timer*. Why did Marcia have to get a prize? Another trivial matter: please put *Turntable Tips* back where it was—in the back. Every time I open the magazine, I think it's put together wrong.

All in all, however, THE AMERICAN GIRL is tops! It just doesn't come often enough. I read everything the first day it comes, and then I have a whole month to wait for another.

MARGARET MICHELFELDER

We wonder what you thought of the ending of "Girl Without a Country?" in August. The Editors.

WILLITS, CALIFORNIA: Your articles on health and good looks are very helpful to me.

Although I am not a Girl Scout, I can hardly wait for the features having to do with Girl Scouts.

I simply love the recipes and fashions. I choose most of my books from the *Books* department.

JANET HARRINGTON

PHILADELPHIA, MISSISSIPPI: *Old-Timer* was wonderful. Please have more stories like that. I am a Girl Scout and your articles on Scouting have helped me very much.

CELIA CARTER *(age 11)*

CHARLES CITY, IOWA: Orchids should go to the author, editor, and illustrator of *Second Rater*. How I enjoyed that story cannot be expressed. It was wonderful. Furthermore, the girls looked normal, simply dressed, and pleasant. I wish Ellen was a real girl, because I would certainly like to know her.

VIRGINIA BISHOP *(age 14)*

HICKORY, NORTH CAROLINA: *Model Career* in the July issue was wonderful. Let's have many other articles on careers, as we teenagers are trying to choose a career in which we can make good in the future.

BETTY EDWARDS

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: *Pin-Money Projects* interested me most. I have taken your advice and already earned five dollars sitting. I also enjoyed *Second Rater*.

JACQUELINE ROBERTS *(age 11)*

ENNIS, TEXAS: With the letter on *In Step With the Times*, I fully agree. As I was looking over this department for July, it told about 1905 and 1914. It doesn't sound at all "in step." It sounds out of date.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS *(age 12)*

The dates 1905 and 1914 did appear in the July news page, in connection with the history of zippers—gadgets now in the news because they are being used in new ways.

The Editors.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA: I liked the article on modeling. I also like the book section. I have read a number of books reviewed in it and they were all good.

REVA LEE STAMESHKIN *(age 14)*

DE KALB, ILLINOIS: The article *Coining A Hobby* in the July issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL was very helpful to my brother and me. We have a coin collection and from the information in this article we found that we had a coin worth $12.50.

CORRINE CLARK

HILLROSE, COLORADO: I disagree with those who do not like *In Step With the Times*. I find it educational and interesting. I used several of your articles in my physics class, and also in a scrapbook that was a six weeks' project for the same class.

BETTY BRUNKHARDT *(age 16)*

LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA: In the July issue I enjoyed *Why Not Build a Bookcase?* very much. I made a miniature bookcase of cardboard, covered it in colored paper, and put it on my dresser to keep trinkets on, such as miniature vases, etc.

Journey for Pat is just wonderful. I also enjoyed *Model Career* as I am planning to be a model or a dress designer. I'd love an article on dress designing.

PATSY MAUNEY *(age 13)*

LIBERTY, MISSOURI: *Old-Timer* was the best story in the July issue. I wish, though, that you would cut out some of the things like *All Over the Map* and *In Step With the Times* and put more stories in their place.

SHARON WIGHTMAN *(age 12)*

Please send your letters to The American Girl., 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

THE END.

TRUE OR FALSE?

It's out-of-date to be tactful!

FALSE: The wisecrack expert and the "candid kid" may get laughs—even applause. But it's still good old tact that wins, and holds, friendship.

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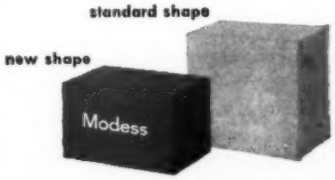

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IT'S Van Camp's
for flavor
THROUGH AND THROUGH

Jam Session

(Continued from page 14)

CINNAMON-CANDY JELLY

2½ cups sugar
1½ cups water
¼ pound red cinnamon candies
½ bottle fruit pectin

Measure sugar, water, and cinnamon candies into saucepan and mix well. Place over high heat and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. At once stir in pectin. Bring to a full, rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, pour into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 4 six-ounce glasses.

GRAPEFRUIT JELLY

2½ cups canned, sweetened grapefruit juice
4½ cups sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

Measure the juice into a large saucepan. Add sugar and mix well. Place over high heat and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. At once stir in pectin. Then bring to a full boil and boil hard ½ minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, pour into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 7 six-ounce glasses.

JAMS

Jams are made from crushed, whole fruits, cooked with sugar to a thick consistency and containing almost no free liquid. For this reason, jams burn easily, and many cooks use an asbestos pad under the pot. To avoid overcooking—which makes for a tough, flavorless, and dull-colored result—watch your jam closely during cooking and apply the sheet test used in jelly-making (see page 14). In most of these recipes, commercially prepared pectin is used in order to hasten the jamming process and to give you a greater volume of finished product.

THIN STRAWBERRY JAM

1 quart strawberries
2¼ cups sugar

Hull strawberries, and crush in a large kettle. Then add sugar, heat, and boil rapidly, stirring occasionally until mixture reaches the sheeting stage. Remove from heat, pour into sterilized glasses, and paraffin at once. Makes 3 half-pint jars.

SPICED DAMSON-PLUM JAM

2 pounds damson plums
3 cups sugar
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon allspice
⅛ teaspoon salt

Wash and pit plums, place in large preserving kettle, and crush with potato masher. Add sugar, spices, and salt. Cook slowly until thick (about 1 hour) stirring occasionally. Pour immediately into hot, sterilized jars or glasses. Seal or paraffin at once. Makes 2 pints.

GRAPE JAM

5½ cups prepared fruit
7 cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To Prepare the Fruit: Wash and slip skins from about 3 pounds of fully ripe Concord or other loose-skinned grapes. Add 1 cup of water to pulp; bring to a boil and simmer, covered, 5 minutes. Sieve to remove seeds. Chop skins and add to pulp. Measure 5½ cups into a very large saucepan.

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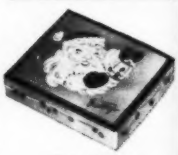

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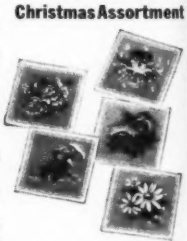

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Please rush me full details of your easy money-making plan, and samples on approval Personal Christmas Cards, Stationery, Notes and Coasters.

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To Make the Jam: Measure sugar and set aside. Place fruit over high heat. Add pectin and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once stir in sugar. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, ladle quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 12 six-ounce glasses.

PEACH-AND-GINGER JAM

- 3½ cups prepared fruit
- ½ cup sliced candied ginger
- 4½ cups sugar
- 1 box powdered fruit pectin

To Prepare the Fruit: Wash, peel, and pit about 2½ pounds soft, ripe peaches. Chop or grind very fine. Measure 3½ cups into a large saucepan.

To Make the Jam: Measure sugar, add ginger, and set aside. Place fruit over high heat. Add pectin and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once stir in sugar. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, ladle quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 8 six-ounce glasses.

PICKLES AND RELISHES

SWEET PICKLED-WATERMELON RIND

- 2 pounds cubed watermelon rind (about 1½ quarts)
- 2 pounds sugar
- 2 cups water
- 2 cups vinegar
- 1 lemon, sliced
- 1 teaspoon whole cloves
- 1 teaspoon whole allspice
- 1 oz. stick cinnamon

Trim away outer green skin and pink portion of the watermelon rind, and cube white rind into 1½" pieces. Make a brine of 2 tablespoons salt to a quart of water, and soak the cubed rind in it overnight. Drain, cover with fresh water, and cook until tender. Drain well. Put spices in a cheesecloth bag. Boil together the water, vinegar, lemon, sugar, and spices for 5 minutes. Add the cooked rind and boil gently until rind is clear in color. Pack in sterilized glass jars, cover with syrup, and seal. Makes about 3 pints.

GREEN-TOMATO PICKLE

- 4 quarts green tomatoes
- 2 sweet red peppers
- 2 small onions
- 2 teaspoons ground cloves
- 2 teaspoons ground ginger
- 2 teaspoons ground allspice
- 1 tablespoon cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon celery seed
- 1 teaspoon mustard seed
- 1 quart vinegar
- 1 pound brown sugar
- ½ cup salt

Grind coarsely the tomatoes, onions, and peppers. Put spices in small cloth bag and boil with the salt and sugar for 10 minutes in the vinegar. Add the ground vegetables and simmer 1 hour. Remove spice bag, pack pickle in hot, sterilized jars and seal.

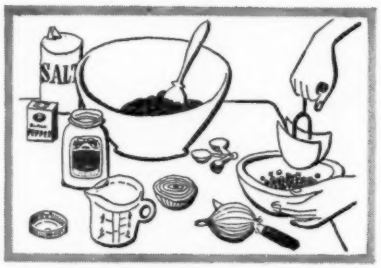
CHOWCHOW

- 24 small cucumbers
- 2 quarts small pickling onions
- 2 heads cauliflower
- 2 quarts green tomatoes
- 2 carrots
- 6 sweet green peppers
- 2 tablespoons salt
- ½ cup flour
- ½ cup dry mustard
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 1 tablespoon mustard seed
- 3 quarts cider vinegar

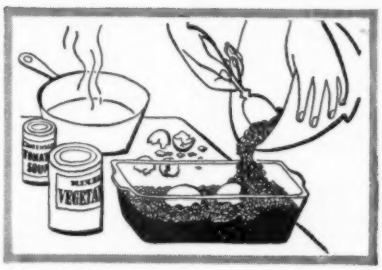
(Continued on page 35)

Mom's Night Off!

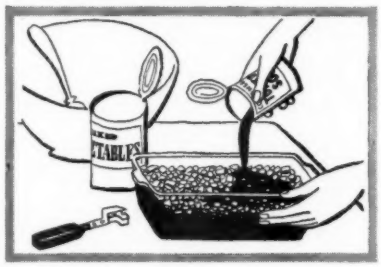
Have this One-Dish Dinner . . . a simple and simply delicious recipe for beginning cooks.



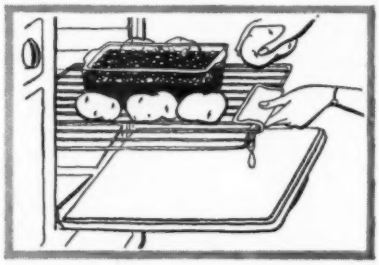
1. Mix 1 lb. ground beef, ¼ cup chopped onions, ¼ cup *Real* Mayonnaise, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper.



2. Put half of meat into loaf pan. Place 2 whole hard-cooked eggs on top. Mold rest of meat around eggs.



3. Drain a #1 can of mixed vegetables; pour vegetables over meat. Pour ½ can condensed tomato soup on top.



4. Scrub 6 large potatoes; spread a little Nucoa margarine over each. Put meat and potatoes in 350° oven; bake 60-70 minutes.

5. Slice meat. Serve smothered with vegetables. Break potatoes open; top with Nucoa margarine. (Serves 4-6.)

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TASK FORCE—One of the year's most spectacular movies—tells about a very interesting period in the history of the American fleet. Gary Cooper plays a present-day retiring rear admiral—but the film really starts in 1921, with a task force of young Navy fliers, including Cooper, Walter Brennan, John Ridgely, and Bruce Bennett, learning to land their planes on the first naval carrier. The story goes through World War II.

COME TO THE STABLE—Ideal for the whole family. This is a sensitive, inspiringly told story of two wonderful nuns (Loretta Young and Celeste Holm), who determine to build a home for war orphans in New England. Over seemingly hopeless obstacles, they do succeed. Thomas Gomez, Elsa Lanchester, and a fine new actor, Hugh Marlowe, turn in excellent supporting performances. But it is the costars, of course, who are the show.

THE SECRET GARDEN—One of the beloved children's classics is Frances Hodgson Burnett's tender story of two embittered children who learn the real beauty of life by resurrecting a deserted garden. Margaret O'Brien is the orphan who comes to live with her harsh uncle, Herbert Marshall. Dean Stockwell is her crippled cousin, and a new English boy star, Brian Roper, is a "Nature Boy" who tames and trains wild animals.

YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY—Here's wonderful teen-age fun—with popular Donald O'Connor and Gloria De Haven as youthful married college students under the G. I. Bill of Rights. They live in a Quonset hut and raise an adorable baby. But Gloria upsets half the colleges in the country when she refuses to let Donald continue playing football. The other wives follow suit. The "Baby" is a fetching infant known as "Boopkins."

by CAROL CRANE

Jam Session

(Continued from page 33)

Slice tomatoes, and chop other vegetables small. Pack by mixed layers in a large bowl, sprinkling each layer with salt. Cover bowl with a plate or dish, put a weight on top, and let stand overnight. In the morning, heat to boiling point and drain. Mix flour, mustard, sugar, turmeric to a smooth paste with a small amount of vinegar. Add mustard seed. Heat remaining vinegar to boiling point and slowly add the paste. Stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Pour over pickles and seal in sterilized jars.

SPICED PEARS

8 pounds pears
2 cups boiling water
2 pounds brown sugar
1½ cups water
½ cup vinegar
1 teaspoon ground allspice
1 tablespoon ground cloves

Wash, peel, halve, and core the pears. Add boiling water and simmer gently 10 minutes. Bring remaining ingredients to boiling in a separate heavy saucepan; cook to a slightly thick syrup. Add pears, with water in which they were cooked. Boil gently until fruit is cooked through and syrup rich. Fill jars with pear halves, cover with hot syrup, and seal. Makes about 6 pints.

THE END

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Brown wieners in Nucoa margarine in heavy frying pan. When done, serve in hot rolls spread with Nucoa. To Nucoa left in pan, add chili sauce and season with Best Foods Mustard-with-Horse-radish. Cook till it bubbles. Serve hot on wieners.

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Garnet Lodge *(Continued from page 7)*

A narrow gap in the wall of snow-laden pine bordering the left-hand fork of the road below the slope showed the entrance to the trail. Its ascent was gradual for the first quarter mile, and it ran past occasional cabins with boarded windows. The only signs of life were the small tracks of rabbits and mice.

"The miners' families used to live here when Mother was a child and the mine her father and Great-Uncle Stephen owned was working," Jinky explained to Pete. "Cousin Larry lived in that biggest cabin, because his father was superintendent. Cousin Larry isn't really a relative, but he worries about us more than if he were, Father says."

A little farther up the trail she stopped. "This was the Slotes'. Mrs. Hixie used to be Mamie Slote." Around the bend she pointed out the cabin where Al Hixie, Mamie's husband, had grown up. "He's not much good. Father offered him a job last summer when we were working on the place, but he wouldn't take it. Said he made out fine on what Mamie earned. Poor Mrs. Hixie is too scared to object."

Pete was more interested in the cabins than in their former occupants. "Are they in good condition? Could they be used now?" he asked.

"I guess so. Only the mine is played out. Who'd want them?"

"Skiers."

Jinky shook her head. "They haven't much furniture except stoves, and the only source of water is from the pump behind Cousin Larry's old cabin."

"I don't mean regular skiers," Pete explained. "The Outing Club at college is looking for a place to go week ends and holidays. Do you suppose your father would rent them to us for the winter?"

Jinky grasped at the idea with enthusiasm.

THE PIED PIPER OF AUTUMN
by Julia W. Wolfe

The piper-pied, so Browning said,
Half in yellow and half in red
Was clad, and never again was seen
With his magic pipe and fingers lean,
After he danced the children down
From mercenary Hamelin Town.

But we know better, for every year
In yellow and red he passes here
At summer's end. He comes this way
With pipe to lips and stops to play.
And pitter-patter from every street
The leaves go dancing at his feet!

"He might, especially if you didn't want them fixed up any. Oh, Pete, it would be such fun! Let's go back and ask him right away!"

"He's not home," Pete teased. "That's why we are taking this trail. Remember?"

For the first time in some minutes Jinky looked at her surroundings. They had come quite a distance beyond the cabins. Below them was a ledge almost identical to the one on which they were standing. She flushed with dismay.

"How stupid of me! I've passed the turn and we're on the trail to the mine."

The corners of Pete's mouth crinkled and he let forth a good-natured bellow. "You've the brains of a chipmunk, too."

Both Jinky and her father were in high spirits Monday morning as he drove her down to catch the school bus. The possibility of renting the abandoned miners' cabins to Pete's friends had appealed strongly to Bill Sanders.

"Even if the boys can't afford to pay much, they will be good advertising for the Lodge. Just having them around will make the place seem more alive and attractive."

Cousin Larry's insistent warnings about the fire hazards of wood stoves and the carelessness of young people hadn't received more than surface consideration. Perhaps a slight irritation with Larry Flynn's continual though well-meant, opposition had been an added factor in Bill's decision. Anyway, it was settled. If, on Pete's recommendation, the Outing Club voted for the cabins, they were to be cleaned and put in order for the Christmas holidays.

Jinky's small world seemed bright and secure as she looked around for a vacant seat in the orange bus. She found the eyes of every boy and girl turned toward her with an intense interest for which she could think of no

explanation. Florrie Haskins, a friendly girl in her own class, enlightened her.

"Stop holding out and tell us about the ghost," she demanded.

"It's all around town that Mrs. Hixie fell downstairs because she was scared by a ghost," added the boy on Florrie's right.

"W-H-A-T?" Jinky's exclamation was one of disbelief in her own hearing. For the Norton children to wish a rattle–rattle, clank–clank ghost on Garnet Lodge was funny, but this–

"Why, that's ridiculous!" she burst out sharply.

"Well you needn't get mad." The boy laughed uneasily. "I'm just telling you what people are saying."

"I'm not mad," she protested. "Just sort of floored, I guess. Why should anyone imagine anything so silly?"

"It's not so silly," Florrie defended the rumor. "They say it was Mr. Cromwell's ghost she saw. He's supposed to be haunting the Lodge because he doesn't like strangers in his house."

Great-Uncle Stephen? The whole thing was incredible!

"Don't be so upset, Jinky," consoled another boy jokingly. "I'll risk meeting the old man's ghost any day if you ask me to supper. I'd take a chance for a free meal, even if I wouldn't pay to visit a haunted house."

Pay! For the first time, Jinky thought of the rumor in relation to the guests. The fact that it was fantastic wouldn't lessen the harm it could do the Lodge–had already done, perhaps. The Carlsons–could this be the explanation of their sudden switch to the Mountain House? For a second everything whirled dizzily. Then she took a deep breath. Mrs. Hixie could prove the rumor a lie and put a stop to it before it did any more damage.

A few minutes later Jinky stood on the porch of the Hixies' house, facing an unshaven man who regarded her insolently out of ratlike eyes.

"I have to see Mrs. Hixie right away! It's important."

"She ain't home. Gone on a visit." Al Hixie spat over the railing.

So there was only Al. He wasn't much to count on, but he'd have to help.

"There's a tale going around that could ruin the Lodge. People are saying Mrs. Hixie fell downstairs because she was frightened by Great-Uncle Stephen's ghost. You'll have to tell them it isn't true."

"How do I know it ain't? She didn't say she wasn't."

"She didn't say she was, did she?" Jinky's voice was desperate.

"She didn't say nothin'." Al opened the door, spat again, and slammed the door in Jinky's face.

(To be continued)

COMING SOON

Something new in the way of cooking articles! Better dust off your favorite recipes, brush up on your culinary techniques, and be ready to get in on the fun. There'll be regular, monthly prizes—and a wonderful chance to exchange good-food ideas with girls your age all over the country. Watch the October issue for details.

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¼ teaspoon salt, dash pepper

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Dusty

(Continued from page 9)

straps, trying to unloosen the water kegs, and to make it easier for himself, he was urging Dusty to her feet. Slowly, deliberately, Dusty rose, taking her time, to irritate the man. Then, while he finished untying her pack, she observed the steers which were grazing near by. With them was the other rustler, his dim form blending into the night.

When finally the herder finished unpacking the burro, he let her go. Dusty leaped forward, believing she was free, and was thrown immediately to her knees. She struggled on the ground, trying to understand the trap that held her. The herder walked back to the well, a water keg in each hand.

Realizing that her forefeet had been tied together, Dusty reared and wrestled with the ropes. It was her first experience with hobbles. Back home, when the work was done, it had been usual for Dusty to go free. The farmer kept his cornfield fenced, so that she was not tempted to go there uninvited. During the night she would wander far along the roadside searching for food. But morning had always found her coming back, so that when her master needed her she was near.

When Dusty discovered she could not free her legs, she stood still for several moments, uncertain what to do. She was suddenly conscious of hunger. Cautiously she tried to walk, taking a step with both forefeet at once. She soon found that she could move at this awkward gait, although slowly, which made escape look very difficult.

But she could seek food, and off she went to join the cattle. Soon she was mingling with the steers, seeking fodder among the prickly desert growth, as though she had no thought of running away. She caught sight of the pinto pony and the flea-bitten mare. They, too, were hobbled.

As she browsed, she noticed that the storm was gathering force in the mountains. A steady roll of thunder had commenced and a high wind seemed to be blowing on the heights, although there was none yet in the valley. Down there, it was very, very still—so still that Dusty was conscious of every small sound about her. She could hear the steady munching of the hungry cattle and the awkward clomping of the two hobbled horses. But she could no longer see them. They were hidden by the night.

Some time later she was conscious of another sound. The steers, too, had caught it. One by one they stopped grazing, lifted their heads until all stood motionless, listening; and the rustler was warned by the attitude of the cattle. He strained his ears to hear what alarmed them.

Presently he, too, caught the sound—the unmistakable hoofbeats of a horse. Fearful lest it be a member of the border patrol, he crouched low, keeping one hand on his holster. In a moment a horse and rider appeared, dimly outlined against the sky.

The newcomer approached warily, stopped, and after a pause, called in a low, cautious voice.

The rustler arose at once and shouted an answer, and the newcomer trotted forward to the herd. The men greeted each other heartily, then started back toward the well, driving the cattle, the horses, and Dusty before them.

The burro sensed that the coming of this

horseman was important, but what happened next was neither what she expected nor what the rustlers had intended.

It did not take them long to reach the spot where Dusty's master was resting. The little burro, believing that her chance to escape was coming and that she could get away in the darkness, even though hobbled, stood a little apart from the others, listening to the storm. She could make out the indistinct forms of the cattle huddled around the well; of the men by the cottonwood tree, ignoring the animals' lowing calls for water. Suddenly there was a surging movement in the herd, and the men, alarmed by the restlessness, began walking toward them.

Just then the storm burst overhead in a great fury of almost continuous thunder which rolled down out of the mountains and hit them with its noise. The wind, quiet for so long, seemed endowed with added strength. It tore down upon them like a living thing, whipping the dry sands up into a great swirling mass, stripping the cottonwood of its leaves. And then came the rain.

The burro stood facing into the wind, welcoming the shower. She lifted her gray face and licked the drops as they trickled off her nose. She wriggled her dry hide under the delightful wetness. She shook herself joyously as the water slicked her coat, cooling her feverish body. Great drops spattered on the ground around her. It was a glorious, beautiful, soaking rain!

Then came the crash. It was a thing such as Dusty had never heard before—not merely lightning followed by a clap of thunder, but lightning and thunder and a deafening crack, as from gunfire, all at once. Simultaneously the world turned white. In this shriven landscape the cottonwood tree, which had been standing straight and strong and powerful the instant before, was blasted apart.

The next moment it was dark, and Dusty stood shaking in the blackness. Although she had not been near enough to the tree to receive the full charge, she had felt the shock. She could not see whether any of the cattle had been hit, but she could hear the terror in their cries. Reason had left them. With one accord the steers began to run. A stampede! Dusty could hear the pounding of hoofs. The animals were running away in a glory of action. Dusty exulted as she heard their roar.

With the next flash of lightning she saw the three men standing together in the path of the crazed beasts. Two of them were frantically waving their arms, while the third, Dusty's master, lashed out with his whip.

But an army of men scarcely could have stemmed this living tide. The steers paid no more attention to the rustlers than they would have to the leaping gyrations of three grasshoppers. On they rushed, and Dusty, seeing that the men were not obeyed, suddenly felt hard and strong. The stubborn power within her small body was directed by a new fierceness. Naturally gentle of spirit, Dusty now wanted to punish the man who had persecuted her. She longed to trample him, in return for the hurt he had inflicted on her. She wheeled to carry out her purpose and, with head flung high, gave voice to a wild cry of triumph. Then she hobbled forward, consumed by the thought of revenge, directly into the path of the steers.

There was no time now for Dusty to wreak her vengeance. She could not even see

(Continued on page 44)

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"Scouts of Service"

by Ely Maxwell

As hospital aides, these Girl Scouts are serving their town in an exciting way

When the hospital switchboard in Melrose, Massachusetts, broke down one busy Saturday morning, doctors and nurses knew they were faced with a crisis which literally might be a matter of life and death. They realized that precious time is lost through even the slightest break in the communication system which summons aid to a bedside, orders medical supplies, requisitions emergency apparatus. But Miss Emily Pearson, the head nurse of Melrose Hospital, was ready with an immediate solution. She got in touch with a leader of Senior Service Scouts. Within fifteen minutes, four neatly uniformed girls were on hand to help out. The Girl Scouts stood by for three hours, carrying messages between departments and to the outside world until the telephones were working again.

This is only one example of the good work done by Girl Scout hospital aides in Melrose during the past three years. Looking back on the entire period, Miss Pearson has reported, "I found the girls notified me from twenty-four to forty-eight hours ahead of time when they could not report; and in all but two cases they found replacements for themselves."

Her tribute to Girl Scout conscientiousness and dependability is particularly impressive in view of the fact that Melrose Hospital officials had been doubtful, at first, whether fourteen year old girls were mature enough to be entrusted with responsible tasks. For although the Girl Scouts do not perform actual nursing duties, every sickroom chore is important and must be done reliably.

The Melrose Girl Scouts embarked on their hospital-aide project in 1947 with a threefold purpose: to offer the group of high-school students a way of rendering practical, grown-up service to others; to give them a chance to explore the possibilities of nursing as a career; and to provide valuable training in care of the sick which is needed by every homemaker. From the hospital point of view, Miss Pearson and her colleagues felt that if the plan worked out, the nurses would be able to give more and better professional service to patients as Girl Scouts took over some of the routine jobs.

Three classes of Melrose Girl Scouts have now "earned their caps" as hospital aides. Each year, the group selected to work at the hospital reports for eight hours of Saturday-morning lectures, which are given by the same instructors who teach student nurses. The girls learn the how and why of formal hospital etiquette – become accustomed to standing, as nurses do, in the presence of a doctor or hospital official; get into the habit of walking quietly down the corridors, always smiling and cheerful, without giggling or talking loudly; learn to understand the importance of getting permission before carrying out requests from the patients.

As Girl Scouts, of course, they do not need to be told to carry out instructions promptly and to the letter; and because "a Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted," the nurses know that their teen-age helpers will not read the patients' charts, or gossip about what they see or hear in the hospital.

Then come lessons in actual hospital work – perhaps the most fascinating part of the whole undertaking. In a stiff course, the Girl Scouts learn to make empty beds as smoothly and professionally as any trained nurse; to set up trays in the diet kitchen; to feed the helpless patients in an efficient and friendly manner, so that mealtime becomes a pleasure even for the very ill; to arrange linens neatly in the closets; and to do the little extra things – delivering mail and arranging flowers – that help to bolster morale and keep patients cheerful and comfortable.

Every sickroom chore must be done reliably! This Scout inspects trays and fills water glasses

In preparation for service, the aides attend eight hours of lectures, then take a stiff course in hospital routine. Today it's methods of bed sterilization

Photographs by Rev. Russell Loesch

After the Scouts have completed their training satisfactorily, each girl is assigned to serve at Melrose Hospital from 3:30 to 5:30 P.M., one day a week. There are two girls on duty every day, but they do not operate as a team. One helps out on the first floor, the other on the second. This means that each individual has her own chance to become a real part of the hospital routine and to discover for herself the ways in which she can make the greatest contribution.

When every girl has given ten hours of service in the hospital, a capping ceremony is held for the whole group. This is always an inspiring occasion, with music, candlelight, and a brief address by one of the community's leading citizens. The girls recite again their Girl Scout Promise and Laws, then proudly receive the white caps, each with a trefoil badge bearing the letters "SOS" for "Scouts of Service," from Miss Pearson.

Both Girl Scouts and hospital staff feel that they have gained much by working together. Nurses show their gratitude for the Scouts' faithful service by taking time to give the girls special instruction in basic nursing procedures—though, of course, no hospital aide is allowed to try out her new-found knowledge on hospital patients! In practice sessions, under the nurses' expert guidance, one girl after another plays the role of patient, while her sister Scouts learn how to take temperatures and pulse rates, give bed baths, and so on. Needless to say, the girls are very proud of being so well prepared to meet the problems of illness in their own families.

THE SPIRIT of co-operation growing out of this joint project has spread far beyond the doors of Melrose Hospital. At the very beginning, the Melrose Girl Scout Council advanced money so that all the hospital aides could report for duty in official Senior Service Scout uniforms. Every girl repaid the cost of her uniform as soon as she was able. When time for the capping ceremony arrived, white aprons and caps had to be provided. Material was bought for the Scouts by the Melrose Lions' Club, and the caps and aprons were made by a group of mothers and troop-committee members.

Younger Girl Scouts, too, are able to feel that they have helped in the success of the hospital work. One of the Scouts, on duty in the children's ward, realized that toys and books were badly needed for the sick youngsters. As a result, the next Girl Scout birthday celebration took the form of a toy shower for the hospital. So many playthings were donated that it was possible to send some of them home with underprivileged children.

On Thanksgiving, Christmas, and other holidays, Brownies and Intermediate Girl Scouts make little gifts and favors to brighten the dinner trays of everyone in the hospital.

Salutes to the Melrose Scouts of Service have appeared in the big Boston newspapers as well as in the home-town press. But far more important to the girls than praise is the feeling that they have done something to ease human suffering, and the knowledge that they are accepted fully as members of the family at Melrose Hospital. Everyone takes it for granted now that there will be Girl Scout hostesses at the graduation exercises of the School of Nursing; that the Girl Scouts will be on hand whenever a Red Cross blood bank comes to town; in short, that the Scouts of Service at Melrose Hospital have come to stay. THE END

Some of the pencils collected by Girl Scouts of El Monte, California, for needy children abroad

Los Angeles Times

All Over the Map

Girl Scouts of Grants Pass, Oregon, sit in a vacant store window and sew for a hospital

Glunz Photo

• **Taking part** in a brand-new, foreign-service experiment under the sponsorship of the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund, thirteen American Girl Scouts, eighteen to twenty-one years old, from seven States, have spent part of their summer in Europe, joining the activities of European Girl Guides in camps, and giving service to other organizations side by side with their sister Guides. The idea grew out of suggestions made by a troop of Washington, D. C. Scouts who went abroad to camp with English Guides in 1946. Their belief that Senior Scouts from the United States would welcome the opportunity to serve in Europe proved to be correct, and the first thirteen girls who were selected to go have had interesting and varied experiences. Requirements for selection were the same as for any international encampment, and a special committee made the selections from applications that came in from all regions in the United States. Four of the Scouts went to Great Britain, six to The Netherlands, and three to France, with their activities including work with schools for crippled children in England and The Netherlands; a trip on a Sea Ranger training ship in England; a Trip Camp, on foot and by boat, along the southern coast of Brittany with French Guides; and a Ranger International Conference in France at Les Courmettes—an old house which the Scouts helped paint and improve for the occasion! In addition, the Scouts have found time to help in various Girl Guide camps in all three countries. Six thousand dollars were appropriated from the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund (to which Girl Scouts all over the country contribute) for this purpose. Each girl received approximately five hundred dollars toward her expenses and provided the balance herself. Next year, it is hoped that an equal sum from the World Friendship Fund may be used to bring a group of European Girl Guides and Girl Scouts to this country, to camp with us and enter into our service projects.

• **With Girl Scout Week** just around the corner, lots of "girls in green" are cudgeling their brains for ideas to show their communities what type of work they do. Perhaps word of this project, successfully worked out by Girl Scouts of Grants Pass, Oregon, during Girl Scout Week last year, will give your troop a bright idea. Making arrangements for the use of a vacant store window, the Grants Pass Scouts maintained a live display during the week by stationing one Intermediate Scout and one Brownie Scout in the window during the daylight after-school hours, the girls taking turns on the assignment. To demonstrate their community service, the two Scouts in the window sewed industriously on baby layettes for their local hospital, surrounded by an impressive display of boxes of completed garments and posters.

Headline News in Girl Scouting

• **The crying of a baby** during a soloist's hymn, and the fretting of a restless two-year-old during the sermon, were annoying distractions to the congregation of the First Evangelical Lutheran Church in Ripon, Wisconsin, until the Senior Girl Scouts came to the rescue. Now that community has a flourishing nursery school called "Nursery Funtime," which is manned during church hours by a Ripon troop of Scouts, ten of whom are members of the congregation of the church. A preliminary course of training by one of the town's kindergarten teachers gave the girls some knowledge of the activities suitable to various age levels, specific suggestions for games and songs, and something of the basic techniques of working with small children. Impetus to the new project was given by the Sunday school superintendent, who provided the Scouts with a list of members of the church Cradle Roll, and lent them equipment and materials such as building blocks, paper, paste, and a sandbox. The minister gave his enthusiastic support, sending out printed announcements of the project, and making oral announcements in church, besides enrolling his own seven months old son for "Nursery Funtime." Other wellwishers contributed a play pen, a walker, balls, and other helps. The Scouts, whose charges range in age from four months to six years, report that their duties run from bottle feeding to helping cut out Easter baskets. The results of the project were more mothers and fathers singing in the church choir; a larger church attendance by parents of young children; a more reverent mood made possible for many—and a group of Girl Scouts who are assuming responsibility and contributing to their community through service!

• **When they heard** that pencils were very scarce in Europe—so scarce in some communities that the one pencil available had to be rented out by the hour—Brownie Scouts of Troop 11 in El Monte, California decided that they would do something about it. And so they went about collecting them. Colored pencils, black pencils, long pencils, and pencil stumps were solicited for the children of Europe. El Monte's other Girl Scouts, twenty-five troops of them, heard about the project and voted to take it up. Results were 13,730 pencils collected—a bundle which weighed approximately one hundred pounds that was shipped overseas by the Friends Service Committee from a warehouse in Pasadena.

• **Their two years' dream** come true, thirteen Girl Scouts and three leaders of Washington, D.C. have been spending their summer camping with Girl Guides and Girl Scouts in England and on the continent. They are members of Senior Scout Troop 65, an International Friendship troop, and one of more than sixty Girl Scout troops in the United States linked with sister troops in foreign lands through correspondence. The ultimate aim of International Friendship troops is to visit one another and camp together, and the members of Troop 65 are realizing their dream for the second time, the first friendship visit to Europe having been in 1946.

Part of this summer was spent camping in Bexhill, a seaside resort in Sussex, with the Ancaster House Cadets, a British Girl Guide unit with whom they have been in contact since 1947. During this time they presented a play to the public in the town, based on Stephen Vincent Benet's poem, "Western Star." Other steps in their exciting itinerary included nine days of sight-seeing in London, after which the group split up in pairs to attend Girl Guide camps in various parts of England, Scotland, and Northern Ireland for a three weeks' period. Then came a reshuffling and they were off again—five girls to camps in France, three to The Netherlands, and others to camps in Wales, England, Scotland, the Scilly and Channel Islands, and the Isles of Man and Wight. Each of the girls financed her own trip expenses, but money for equipment such as tents was earned by the Scouts through special troop fund-raising projects.

THE END

Senior Girl Scouts of Ripon, Wisconsin, shown in charge of "Nursery Funtime," their Sunday-morning nursery school

Ripon Commonwealth

Two Girl Scouts of Washington, D.C. with their leader (also their mother) who sailed to camp with European girls

Tommy Weber

Betty is wearing her beautifully tailored emerald green corduroy robe, so velvety and cozily warm! Washable, cut fully, with rounded revers. Embroidered emblem tacked to pocket. Sizes 12-18. 8-400a — 8.95

Jan is taking off her lovely green ballet slippers of smooth gabardine, with delicate gold rayon embroidery in a whorling trefoil design. Soft platform sole and heel. Sizes 4-9. 8-425a — 2.50

Both girls are wearing their favorite style cotton pajamas in apple green, with pretty white rickrack and embroidered insigne on pocket. Full cut. Vat dyed and sanforized. Sizes 12-18. 8-413a — 3.50

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Girl Scouts of the U. S. A.
National Equipment Service
155 E. 44 St., New York 17
1307 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3
245 Mission St., San Francisco 5

Dusty

(Continued from page 39)

whether the steers involuntarily carried out her desire, or whether the men leaped in time to escape. She heard one anguished human call; then she had time only to think of saving her own life. A hurtling steer hit her full with his shoulders and spun her around, sweeping her forward in the stream of rushing animals. Stumbling along against her hobbles, she found steers all around her. They crushed against her sides; others closed in until she was enveloped in the wild mass of creatures, all moving without direction.

Sudden terror seized the little donkey. What chance did she have among the great steers?

Hampered by her hobbles, Dusty struggled desperately to keep on her feet. She reared up on her hind legs and pawed at the body of a steer on one side of her. At the same instant another steer lurched and filled the gap where her forelegs had been. For an agonizing moment Dusty felt her hindquarters being squeezed. Then the steer directly behind beat its way forward with lowered head, and catching Dusty squarely between its horns, pivoted her hind end upward. Other steers rushed forward and there was no longer space left for Dusty to put foot to ground—which, as it turned out, was a fortunate accident.

AT THAT very moment a steer to the right jounced the little burro up so violently that when she came down she landed squarely on the animal's back, her hind legs astraddle like a human equestrian; then her forelegs came down hard upon the creature's sharp backbone. The twisted strands of the hobbles, old and none too strong, ripped, and Dusty's forelegs parted and clasped the steer's neck. The next flash of lightning showed her riding on a cow, balanced like a circus performer, while all around her steers' tails lashed the darkness and the bawling voices of the animals gave tongue to mass terror.

Dusty's position would have been ludicrous, had it not been so precarious. It seemed that only so long as she could keep her seat could she hope to survive. Should she slip and fall, she certainly would be trampled or gored to death.

Then it came—an especially big lurch beneath her. The steer upon which she had been riding heaved its body, and at the same time veered sideways. When the animal twisted back, there was nothing but space beneath Dusty's forelegs, which naturally dropped and dragged the rest of her body with them. Down she went. She landed with a spinning motion that turned her somersaulting on the ground.

Suddenly she saw the hulking underbody of a steer rearing before her, his legs widespread, his great horns piercing the darkness. She heard the animal grunt. Then the huge beast leaped up and over, landing just beyond her. He raced on, throwing big clods of earth into Dusty's eyes. She tried to struggle to her feet, but the breath had been knocked out of her. Helplessly she sank back on the ground and lay still.

A hoof narrowly missed her head; more clods of earth pelted against her hide; a fragment of cane cactus, still bearing its stickers, hit one flank. Then it seemed as if the whole herd were roaring upon her. She could no

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Circle Color: Red Blue
Circle Size: 32 34 36 38

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Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

longer feel nor see. There was a terrific pounding in her ears.

Finally the din lessened, the sound of the bellowing grew fainter, the hoofbeats died away. When Dusty could again draw breath, she found that she was quite alone in the darkness. The rain was dropping softly on her aching body. Even the storm had lost its fierceness.

When she was able, she struggled to her feet. She tested her legs gingerly, one by one. First the two hind legs; both were sound. Then she raised one forefoot and observed wonderingly that it was not only sound, but free. She had not realized that the hobbles had been broken. As she raised her other forefoot, all that remained of her bonds, a piece of twisted rope, fell to the ground.

Once again Dusty could run—not as fast as a horse, nor even as fast, perhaps, as a pinto pony. But run she could, and immediately she set out to lose herself in the darkness. Slowly at first, because she was badly bruised and walking was painful. Then, as her legs became more supple, she commenced to trot. The storm was subsiding; it would soon be over. But before it stopped she intended to put a good distance between herself and the place where she had parted company with the rustlers. Before the sun rose she would find the trail which would lead her to the home of her good master, back in Mexico.

THE END

Focus for Fall

(Continued from page 16)

your back to a wall in front of a full-length mirror. Keep your feet about eight inches apart, heels four inches away from the wall. Now lean back until base of spine, shoulders, and head are touching wall. Look at yourself in the mirror. This is the right alignment of head, shoulders, and hips. If you have trouble holding this pose when you step away from the wall, you've probably been developing poor posture habits. Whenever you are standing or walking, try—consciously—to assume that test position, and it will soon be yours, unconsciously and gracefully.

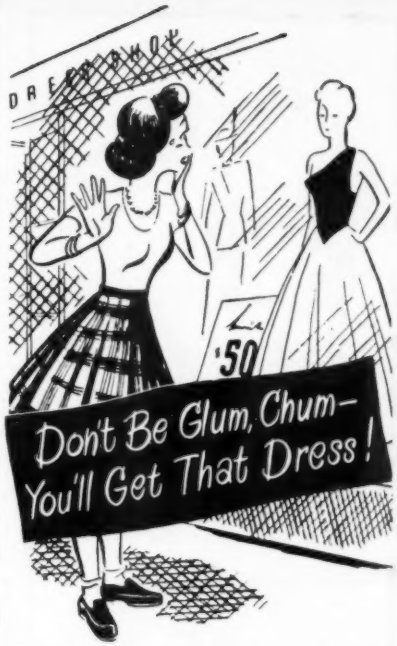
The Long View: Now for a last critical look too see yourself as others see you. Ninety per cent of good looks is good grooming, meaning hands that are scrupulously clean; nails that have a regular appointment with file and orangewood stick; a neat and fresh look that originates in the ritual of a daily bath and regular use of a deodorant.

Good grooming also means learning to dress with an eye to total effect. Get out your fall clothes and check hem lengths; make sure every button and fastening is in place, every pleat pressed. Of course you'll keep a shoebrush and a clothesbrush on hand and won't forget to use them every evening when you lay out your clothes for the next day.

If you've been putting off a visit to your dentist, make a date before school starts. Clean teeth add confidence to your smile.

As for your eyes, now's a fine time to have them checked by the eye doctor. It's a painless procedure that's been known to add plusses to report cards. If you haven't been wearing glasses, perhaps you'll need them. If you have, a change of lens may be in order.

After all, you want everything in perfect focus for fall, don't you? THE END



Your heart is set on that dream of a dress, isn't it? But if your allowance won't *allow* it, give dad a break. Earn *all* the money you need this easy way . . .

Sell Christmas Cards—Make *EXTRA CASH!*

Yes, just show our stunning Christmas Cards after school and on Saturdays. Show 'em to friends, neighbors, teachers, relatives. Folks simply won't believe their eyes when they see the big quantities of smartly designed, colorful folders you offer at amazing low prices. They'll buy quickly. And you'll make fine profits!

No Experience Needed To Sell These Wonder Values!

Everyone buys our lovely new FEATURE Assortment after seeing the Sample Box we send you on approval. These 21 exquisite Christmas Folders—including some with satin centers, plastic trims and novel folds—sell like magic at only $1.00—pay you as much as 50c! 32 other money-making Assortments for Christmas and year 'round use. Priced from 60c to $1.25, all are big values and amazing cash-producers! Also stunning NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards low as 50 for $1.

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Begin making real cash earnings with our smart Christmas Cards NOW. Get those waiting orders! Fill out coupon below and mail it today for your samples, including FREE Imprints. Do it at ONCE!

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Let Christmas Cards Bring You
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You'll have all the extra dollars you need . . . if you start now to sell our luxurious Christmas Cards. Friends, relatives, businessmen, are delighted with smart designs, extra-value trims, joyous sentiments of our FEATURE Christmas Assortment. At only $1 for these wondrous boxes of 21 Greeting Cards they sell fast. Just show samples.

Your Profit: Up to 50¢ Per Box!

Religious, Gift Wraps, Everyday, Birthday, Plastic Cards, many other money-making Assortments. Also FREE SAMPLES of Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards to sell at 50 for $1 and up. Extra-money plan for churches, clubs, organizations. Write for samples.

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Wind, Strings, Brass

(Continued from page 11)

parts. In the days before conductors, he led the orchestra.

All first-chair players in the various sections—woodwind, brass, and percussion—are key persons, leading their groups and playing solo parts for their instruments. You can identify them easily, as they occupy first chairs of their sections, nearest the audience.

But today you don't have to limit yourself to just looking and listening. You can get in there and play! This idea does represent a change in public thinking, for less than twenty-five years ago, symphony music was believed to be beyond the ability of the amateur. Certainly it was never thought that high-school students could master it! Then Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, now director of the famous National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan, assembled a group of high-school students to play for a convention of music teachers. After only a few rehearsals, they put on a symphonic concert which won wide applause.

Teachers suddenly woke up to the fact that high-school groups could master the symphonies. In the years since, the number of such orchestras has snowballed. A number of bands, too, have turned to symphonic music, with the Elkhart, Indiana, Symphonic High-School Band winning a national reputation.

Among those who have proved it isn't necessary to reach voting age to play and enjoy good music is the junior group, numbering about thirty-five, at the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement in New York City. Many of the young people, who troop in for Saturday morning rehearsals of symphonic music from New Jersey, Brooklyn, the Bronx, and the Lower East Side of Manhattan, are even under twelve. This group especially enjoys mastering Haydn and Mozart. Phyllis Gaelick, at eleven, finds the practice sessions the high point of her week, and June Lazare, seventeen, who plans to be a concert pianist, agrees. Both like the teamwork, the competition, and the greater progress they make by playing in an orchestra.

"Symphonic music hard to learn?" they echo in answer to a question. "Anything you do well is hard, and if you don't want to do music well, it's best not to do it at all. But it's fun—and it's even more fun to know that what you're playing is worth the effort."

"Symphonic groups can be found anywhere by a player who wants to join one," Miss Spofford, director of the Henry Street School, says. "But if such a group isn't functioning now, most communities have, or can develop, the talent to start one. A group could start with violins, viola, and cello, for example, and then expand. The one essential is a leader, and a leader who insists on excellence!"

Though thousands of teen-agers are already members of symphonic groups—both listening and playing—such authorities as Dr. Maddy of the National Music Camp believe that even today's development is a bare start, and that schools in the years ahead will give as much encouragement to orchestras as they now give to bands. When that happens, symphony concerts will become more of an everyday part of all our lives.

Imagine the amazement of those bewigged, silk-stockinged, seventeenth-century princes if they could only know that! THE END

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RAMODE GREETINGS, 7A Hovey Ave., Cambridge 38, Mass.

Turntable Tips

(Continued from page 3)

vocal quality to this romantic teaser which bodes well for her future efforts.

Brand-New Dolly . . . Joe Costa . . . MGM . . . Yet another recording debut presents husky-voiced Joe in an amusing ditty on the jump side. Conductor Joe Lipman's solid orchestral backing adds ample punch to Joe's enthusiastic efforts.

Just One Way to Say I Love You . . . Jo Stafford . . . Capitol . . . The waltz seems to be enjoying renewed popularity these days, and here's another contribution from "Miss Liberty," in grandfather's favorite tempo. Jo's mellow tones float gently above the softly supporting Starlighter harmonies in this sentimental song.

Bop

M + H + R + 3ee — oo = Bop . . . Jo Stafford . . . Capitol . . . It doesn't matter much whether you hate bop or find it irresistible—either way, this one will stand your hair on end. The sizzling syllables rush by in frantic haste as Jo and Dave Lambert's choristers manage a unison that's a technical masterpiece.

Stories

The Three Little Pigs . . . Capitol . . . Walt Disney's charming presentation of this oft-told tale is cleverly packaged as a record-reader, and is ideal for a baby-sitting crisis. Don Wilson does the narration, members of the original film cast take care of the dramatization and songs, and twenty pages of colorful cartoons and text are included in the album.

Concert

Serenade No. 10, in B-Flat, *Mozart:* members of the Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. This is the first of three serenades which Mozart composed for wind instruments. In his time, music for small instrumental combinations was in great demand. Not only was Mozart able to produce such music with ease, but he filled it with a graceful beauty that lifted it far above conventional decorative music. This work, for thirteen wind instruments, abounds in the melody of youthful exuberance and is characterized by impeccable craftsmanship. The superb color and virtuosity of the Boston Symphony's woodwind section are given full play in the five movements of the composition (Victor).

Scythian Suite, *Prokofiev:* Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy. This splendidly barbaric music is filled with the vitality, terror, and exultation found in the stories of legendary Scythia. Prokofiev portrays a magnificent picture of pagan legends and rites in the four sections of the suite. First, "The Adoration of Veles and Ala" describes the invocation to the sun. Second, "The Enemy-God and Dance of the Black Spirits" conjures up pagan spirits in a wild dance. Third, "Night" describes the moon maidens' descent to console the weeping daughter of the sun. Finally, "The Glorious Departure of Lolli, and the Procession of the Sun" brings the work to a close with an extraordinary description of a pagan sunrise (Columbia).

THE END

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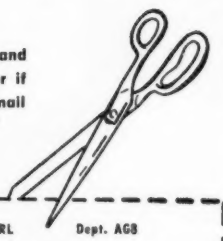

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Troop 4, Oxford, Ohio earned $105 and 30 subscriptions last year. "The credit goes to the high quality of your cards," writes their Leader.

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it's proved! it's official! it's safe!

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to help troops earn Extra Dollars

Jokes

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Three boys went into a candy store. The first boy said, "I want five cents' worth of gumdrops."

The storekeeper climbed up to the highest shelf and measured out the gumdrops. When he came down he asked the second boy what he wanted.

"I want five cents' worth of gumdrops," was the answer.

The storekeeper again climbed up to the top shelf, but before he came down again he asked the third boy if he, too, wanted five cents' worth of gumdrops.

"No," answered the boy.

The man climbed down and asked the third boy what he did want.

"I want ten cents' worth of gumdrops," was the reply.

Sent by ARLINE THORNE, *Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

STRAIGHT TALK

A very stout man, walking on the boardwalk of a seaside town, stopped at a weighing machine with the notice: "I speak your weight."

He stepped on the platform and put a penny in the slot.

Then a voice said, "One at a time, please!"

Sent by PAT WALKER, *Portland, Oregon*

WHO'S GUILTY?

Three men were brought into court, and the judge asked the charges.

"I threw peanuts in the water," said the first defendant.

"Overlooked this time," said the judge, "but don't do it again. Next?"

"I threw peanuts in the water," said the second defendant.

"Overlooked," said the judge. "Don't do it again." Then he said to the third defendant, "I suppose you threw peanuts in the water, too?"

"No, sir," answered the third defendant. "I'm Peanuts!"

Sent by KAY DEL BUNCH, *Monahans, Texas*

ALIBI

"The sausages you sent me were meat at one end and bread crumbs at the other," complained Mrs. Andrews.

"I know," replied the butcher. "But in these hard times it's impossible to make both ends meat!"

Sent by ELEANOR HECK, *Los Angeles, California*

The American Girl will pay $1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

WHO'S LYING?

"How many brothers have you?"

"Only one."

"Somebody's lying. Your sister said she had two!"

Sent by GLORIA COLUNGA, *Dearborn, Michigan*

ATOMIC ARITHMETIC

MILLIE: How old are you?

TILLIE: Eleven.

MILLIE: But you were only five last year.

TILLIE: That's right. Five last year and six this year makes eleven.

Sent by LORETTA BOULWARE, *Oklahoma City, Oklahoma*

SURE THING

TOM: I bet I can push something in a wheelbarrow that you can't push.

ANN: What?

TOM: You.

Sent by FAITH WILSON, *Pine Bluff, Arkansas*

LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen

"I won't have enough money for the rest of it till next week."

Our September Fashions Are at the Following Stores

PRIZE PURCHASE

shown on page 17

City and State	Store
Altoona, Pa.	Wm. F. Gable Co.
Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche
Atlantic City, N. J.	M. E. Blatt Co.
Austin, Tex.	Yaring's
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Bridgeport, Conn.	Howland's
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.	J. N. Adam & Co.
Burlington, Ia.	J. S. Schramm Co.
Camden, Ark.	Copeland's
Chicago, Ill.	The Fair
Cincinnati, O.	Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, O.	Halle Bros.
Clearfield, Pa.	Leitzinger Bros.
Dallas, Tex.	Sanger Bros.
Denver, Colo.	May Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Galveston, Tex.	Schwartz's
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Herkimer, N. Y.	Munger's
Lehighton, Pa.	Cohen's Dept. Store
Lincoln, Neb.	Miller & Paine
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Baker Co.
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's
New Rochelle, N. Y.	Weber's Girls Shop
New York, N. Y.	McCreery's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Halliburton's
Olympia, Wash.	Paulson's Salon
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Dils Bros. & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbel Bros.
Portsmouth, Va.	Sears, Betty & Bob
Roanoke, Va.	Heironimus
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
Sioux City, Ia.	Younker Davidson's
Springfield, Ill.	Myers Bros.
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Co.
Stamford, Conn.	The C. O. Miller Co.
Troy, N. Y.	Wm. H. Frear & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Wichita, Kan.	Buck's, Inc.

THE "ALL UNDER $9!" DRESSES

shown on pages 18 and 19

TEENS

Minneapolis, Minn., Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y., Macy's
Chattanooga, Tenn., Miller Bros.

SUBTEENS

Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Cincinnati, O., Mabley & Carew
Newark, N. J., Bamberger's
New York, N. Y., McCreery's

COVER STYLES

Cleveland, O., Halle Bros.
Detroit, Mich., Hudson's
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. Ayres
Kansas City, Mo., Harzfeld's
Minneapolis, Minn., Baker Co.
New York, N. Y., Lord & Taylor's
Richmond, Va., Thalhimer's
Rochester, N. Y., Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Seattle, Wash., Frederick & Nelson

ON OUR SEPTEMBER COVER

From farm girl to cover girl in six months is the story of Sheila Connolly. She came to this country from County Kildare, Ireland, in 1946. Appearing on this, her first cover, was a big thrill. She finds her dramatic lessons and horseback riding exciting, too. Sheila wears this fall's new copper colors in two favorites—a corduroy skirt and jersey blouse. Both are by Belle Sportswear and come in sizes 10-16. The skirt, about $9, and the blouse, about $8, will be found at the stores listed at the left. Matching corduroy pixie hat by Madcaps. "Falling Leaves" scatter pins by Werthley.

HERE'S THE WAY TO ...EXTRA MONEY!

Sell Very Latest Christmas Cards and Stationery Not Obtainable Elsewhere. Plastic Christmas Cards. Cash profits to 100%. Bonus. 74 different boxes. Write today for free samples Exclusive Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards and Stationery with Christmas and Everyday Assortments on approval.

FREE SAMPLES EXCLUSIVE Name-Imprinted CHRISTMAS CARDS and Personalized STATIONERY

REGAL GREETING CARD CO.
19 W. Woodruff St., Dept. AG-9, Hazel Park, Mich.

MAKE $50 selling only 100 boxes of America's leading 21 card Christmas assortments. Samples on approval. Complete line plastics, gift wrappings, etc. Don't delay, write today.

FREE SAMPLES 50 for $1.00 NAME IMPRINTED CHRISTMAS CARDS

Lorain Art Studios Dept. A-1, Vermilion, Ohio

YOU NEED THESE! ALL FOR 10¢

To introduce our EXCEPTIONAL Approval Service, we'll send you: 1. Pocket Stock Book. 2. Watermark Detector. 3. Stamp Tongs. 4. Perforation Gauge. 5. Book for Duplicates. 6. Package of Stamp Hinges. ALL ONLY 10c to approval applicants!

JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. V. Jamestown, New York

CATALOG GIVEN!

Beautifully illustrated! United States Stamps. Bargains in Packets, Albums & Collector's Supplies. Special Offers!

HARRIS & CO., 101 Transit Bldg., BOSTON, MASS.

200 Different Stamps including F.D.A., TRIANGLE, etc. — Beautiful USA NATION STAMP. Only 5¢ to approval Applicants. 5¢

BYBLOS STAMP CO. Dept. V-N SPRINGFIELD MASS.

GIVEN! Foreign Coin, Banknote and large illustrated coin list GIVEN to approval service applicants for 3c postage. BARGAINS! 3 Indianhead cents, 10c; Wooden nickel, 10c; Chinese Dollar, 35c.

TATHAM COIN CO. 48 SPRINGFIELD MASS.

WORLD'S LARGEST STAMP!

A real curiosity! A stamp so large (7½x14 inches) it will occupy a full page in your album. Retails for 50c. Given to approval service applicants sending 3c postage. STAMPS: All different, 500 for $1; 1000 for $2; 2500 Mixed $1.50.

TATHAM STAMP CO. Springfield 4, Massachusetts

GIVEN! POWERFUL MAGNIFYING GLASS to approval applicants; also big bargain lists.

JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. 212, Jamestown, N. Y.

YARN FREE SAMPLES

Knitting & Rug Yarns; Rug Patterns & Frames. Directions with orders. Unsurpassed values; economy prices.

Buy direct—Save Money.

BARTLETT YARN MILLS, BOX G, HARMONY, MAINE.

500 STAMPS FOR ONLY 10¢

INCLUDES STAMPS CATALOGUING UP TO 25c EACH! ALSO APPROVALS.

MYSTIC STAMP COMPANY

Camden 70, New York

WOW! $10.00 Worth Of Fun 10c!

What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 Foreign Stamps, including airmails, pictorials and others from the world over; stamps worth up to 25c each. This offer sent for 10c to approval applicants only.

JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. 90. Jamestown, N.Y.

GIVEN! "THE STAMP FINDER" Tells at a glance the country to which any stamp belongs. 32-pages illustrated. Includes valuable "Stamp Collector's Dictionary", Stamp Treasures and World's Ten Rarest Stamps. Also Approvals.

GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 1107, Calais, Me.

GIVEN $22.50 CATALOGUE VALUE

In better grade stamps, including Airmails, Pictorials, Commemoratives. Also given, International albums and Scott catalogues, hinges, mystery sets to $1.00 value. $5.00 Presidential. All given to approval applicants buying under colossal Raymax plan.

Raymax, 123-G William St., NYC7

200 BRITISH EMPIRE STAMPS ONLY 3c TO APPROVAL BUYERS

KENMORE, Dept. 15, Arlington 74, Mass.

What Are "Approvals"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

USE THIS HANDY FORM TO ORDER AMERICAN GIRL PATTERNS

Check pattern number and size and enclose 25c (in coin) for each pattern.

FEATURED ON PAGES 22-23

- ☐ **9281—Dress with Banding** Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ **4950—Dress with Square Neck** Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ **4727—Paneled Skirt** Sizes ☐ 24 ☐ 26 ☐ 28 ☐ 30 ☐ 32
- ☐ **9175—Jumper and Blouse** Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ **9098—Side-Buttoning Dress** Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ **4842—Blouse and Skirt** Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16

I enclose $ . . . for patterns checked above

Be sure to enclose 25c for each pattern ordered (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage.

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City and State.....
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MAIL TO: THE AMERICAN GIRL
Pattern Department
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

In Step with the Times

by Lloyd Weldon

Madame Minister

Politics, women's rights, and steel sound like a strange combination of interests, but it is this combination which made the appointment of Mrs. Perle Mesta as United States Minister to Luxembourg especially appropriate.

A daughter of the late W. B. Skirvin, a wealthy Oklahoma businessman who took her to the major political conventions when she was only a small child, Mrs. Mesta grew up in Galveston and Oklahoma City. She attended the University of Oklahoma and later studied music in Chicago. Then she married George Mesta, a Pittsburgh steel millionaire.

She had always been an ardent campaigner for woman suffrage, and when she moved to Washington after the death of her husband, about twenty-five years ago, she continued her interest in politics. In 1928 she campaigned for Herbert Hoover, but switched to the Democratic party in 1948—hence her nickname, "Two-Party Perle."

With an apparently limitless store of energy, she also has managed a huge fortune (the inheritances from her father and her husband), owns a thirty-thousand acre ranch in Arizona, and has been a member of the board of the Mesta Machine Company—a unique position for a woman. It is this background which gives her a special interest in the tiny Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, a steel-producing country governed for many years by women, the present ruler being the Grand Duchess Charlotte.

In Washington, Mrs. Mesta has become a well-known hostess, famous for her lavish parties. A quiet, friendly, and unassuming woman with deep-set, twinkling brown eyes, who wears a fortune in jewels when she entertains, she says that she "just loves to give parties."

Mrs. Mesta is the third woman who has held the post of United States Minister, and she is the only one to hold the title at the present time.

Asked if she would miss the social excitement of Washington, she admitted that she would, but said she expected to put in a hard, eight-hour day on her new job, and felt that the position gives her an opportunity to prove that women can compete with men in the official diplomatic world.

Hand in Glove

When you set out to buy a pair of gloves for your fall outfit, you have an almost limitless choice of fabrics, colors, and designs. But all of them, from sheerest lace to heaviest work gloves, are made in much the same way as gloves were made hundreds of years ago.

Crude gloves were worn by the cave men of southern France as protection while hunting; but as time went on, their use became restricted to royalty, and, like the umbrella, the common people were not allowed to use them. In the fifteenth century they could be worn only by men.

In the sixteenth century, however, Queen Elizabeth of England wore gloves covered with embroidery and jewels, while those of lesser nobles were made from the skins of deer, goats, moose, and sheep, with linen and silk for special functions. Gloves in those days were so expensive that royalty passed them on, in their wills, to their heirs, and so they became a symbol of inherited authority.

Many of the expressions we use today come to us because of the importance and value of gloves in olden times. One "throws down the glove" as a challenge to an argument, as in the days of the knights when throwing down a glove was a challenge to combat. To "handle with kid gloves" is to use tact, or handle carefully, reminiscent of the time when kid gloves were a great luxury.

As gloves came into more common use, the "language of gloves" developed. In the days when young lovers were chaperoned carefully (and even today, in some countries) they carried on conversations by glove signals, such as: "I love you," dropping both gloves; "Follow me," striking glove over shoulder; "I love another," striking chin with glove; "We are watched," twirling gloves around the fingers.

More than 60,000,000 gloves are made in this country today, and still more are imported from France, Germany, and England. More than eighty-five per cent of all leather gloves are made in Gloversville, New York, a town at the foothills of the Adirondacks. Much of the work is done by hand, as it has been for centuries, but there is enough machine work to keep nearly two thousand small machines humming in Gloversville homes, where women stitch them on a piecework basis.

During World War II manufacturers designed a heavy, wool-lined glove, electrically heated, which prevented frostbite and saved many lives. Recently some manufacturers have tried to revive the old custom among engaged couples of exchanging gloves as a symbol of betrothal. But the glovemakers have little hope that American girls will ever accept a pair of gloves in place of a diamond engagement ring!

LABOR DAY QUIZ

What kind of worker or craftsman would you be if you used one of these tools?

1. Awl
2. Sextant
3. Bevel
4. Snake
5. Dibble
6. Shuttle
7. Spatula
8. Trowel

ANSWERS

1. Shoemaker
2. Sailor
3. Carpenter
4. Plumber
5. Gardener
6. Weaver
7. Chef
8. Bricklayer

Watchers of the Night

In a small town in Connecticut, the street lights automatically turn themselves on at dusk and off at dawn. New Milford's 190 street lamps are the most modern in the country, for they are mounted with a photoelectric cell, or "magic eye," which turns the lamps on when daylight drops below the unit of one foot-candle (a standard unit of illumination), and off at dawn when the light reaches one foot-candle.

The system's great advantage is that it gives artificial light only when needed, without any waste. The photoelectric cell is so sensitive that large trees or buildings throw enough shadow to turn on a near-by lamp a few seconds before its neighbor, so that the lamps are lighted one by one, over a period of about five minutes.

When New Milford's old-style power plant began to wear out, it was voted in town meeting to adopt this new system. As the magic eyes were being installed, youngsters discovered that they could make the lights go off temporarily at night by turning a flashlight on them, creating a false dawn. Adults, too, were so interested that they would stand under a street lamp at dusk, making guesses on the time it would go on!

New Milford, however, is not alone in making use of the magic eye out of doors. A group of engineers are now working on a "weather alarm clock," which will stand watch for snow at night. If the snow is heavy, the clock will wake its owner up earlier than usual, so that he can dig out his driveway in time to get to work!

THE END

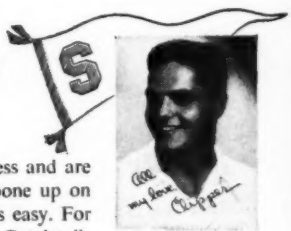
How A Congresswoman Played Cupid

1. Seems a woman today has to be a superwoman at least, for a man to even notice her . . . especially when he's an IMPORTANT MAN like Clipper, who's elected to practically everything at school! He just doesn't know I'm alive!

2. I study and campaign till I head student government . . . and he's still a cool Casanova! Then our fabulous Congresswoman gives a talk here . . . One look and he's sighin' "My ideal! What chic! What brains! What chic!"

3. Oh, my *deadly* duds! I'm completely congealed in a corner when Glamour-woman trips over me. Next thing I know, I've confessed ALL. She just smiles and says, "You, too, can have Paris on a dime-store budget if you sew the SINGER way! Try their TEEN-AGE SEWING COURSE."

4. Gosh, she ought to be president! She was so right! In 8 lessons SINGER taught me how to sew my own smooth clothes . . . for less than I SAVE on each glamour gown I make! And Casanova's discovered me . . . I'm now wearing his class pin. (And he thinks it was all HIS idea!)



DOES YOUR WARDROBE MAKE OR BREAK YOUR DATES?

For togs that rate A for attractiveness and are a break for your budget . . . better bone up on the simple SINGER way! It's fun, it's easy. For $8 you learn to cut, fit, stitch and style. Get details from your SINGER SEWING CENTER. (See your classified telephone directory for the address nearest you. SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.)

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

*A trade-mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

The dress illustrated was made from Simplicity Pattern # 2798 and required 5⅜ yards of 35" material for size 15.

YOU'LL SUCCEED

...in this easy, pleasant way to

EARN BIG MONEY

...for your Group...your School Club ...your Sorority...or...just for YOU!

● Could your group use money for Fall projects? How about your club . . . could the treasury stand a shot in the arm for that dreamy dance you want to give? How about you? Need some of that folding green stuff for the dress that's positively *datebait*? And Christmas is peeking round the corner . . . you'll need scads of money then!

EARN MONEY EASILY as a Janes Art Studios Social Counselor

SELLING LOVELY CHRISTMAS CARDS . . . MATCHED GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLES . . . STATIONERY . . . AND 24 OTHER FAST-SELLING ITEMS. They sell on sight, because they are all Artists Award creations that folks love to have on hand. Hundreds of girls' clubs make big profits regularly with Janes Art Studios.

100% PROFIT on name-imprinted Christmas DeLuxe Personals. Make 50 cents on every dollar you sell. YOU MAKE FROM 65% to 100% PROFIT ON EVERYTHING YOU SELL FOR JANES ART STUDIOS.

FREE – Absolutely free with your sample offer, your first box of the Preview Assortment of DeLuxe Christmas Personals. Sell with or without name imprint, by individual order or as box assortment. 100% profit any way you sell.

ALSO FREE TO YOU . . . handy carrying carton for samples, sales manual telling you where to go, what to do, what to say, sample "door-opener" gift for customers, calling cards to make contacts easy, display mounts of low-price Christmas personals.

YOU'LL SUCCEED! TRY THIS EASY PLEASANT WAY TO MAKE MONEY *AT OUR EXPENSE* ***Mail Coupon Today for Free Sales Helps and Samples on Approval***

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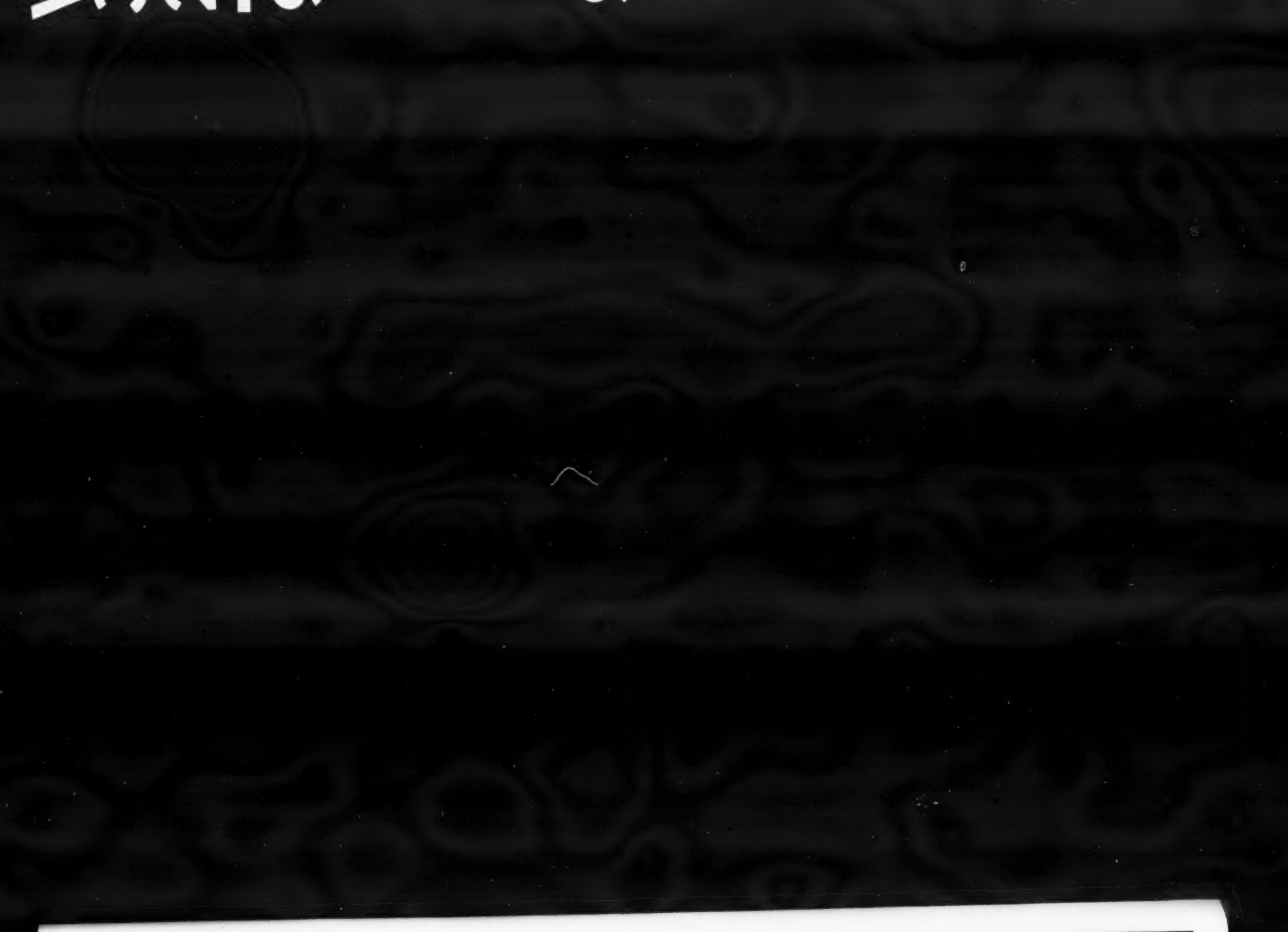
I sure can use some extra spending money. Please rush samples on approval, and all my FREE SALES HELPS.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET & NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

CLUB OR GROUP (if any).....